

ZION'S HERALD

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CHAMBERLAIN INSTITUTE, RANDOLPH, CATTARAUGUS CO., N. Y.

This school was well known for many years as Randolph Academy. In that period, thousands of our youth were here prepared for useful and responsible positions. At length there was opened before it a prospect of still greater influence and usefulness.

One who had long watched the beneficent effects of education in his native State, and who was especially interested in the operations of this institution, resolved to place it upon a broad and permanent foundation. In 1866, the old association generously giving up all claim on the Academy and grounds, twenty additional acres of land were purchased through the liberality of gentlemen in the vicinity. Upon this, Benjamin Chamberlain, of Randolph, erected a beautiful brick Boarding Hall, at an expense of fifty thousand dollars. He then presented the whole as a Centenary offering to the Erie Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In commemoration of this noble act, a marble slab was inserted in the front of the building, bearing the following inscription:—"This Building is a Centenary Offering from Hon. Benjamin Chamberlain to the Methodist Episcopal Church. 1866."

At his death, two years later, he left to the institution by will an ample endowment. Fifty thousand dollars of this bequest has already been secured, and a much larger sum is expected upon the final settlement of his estate. Judge Chamberlain thus gave between one and two hundred thousand dollars for the permanent establishment of this seminary of learning, and has, by such liberality, placed his name with those of Cornell, Vassar, and the noble few who have bestowed their wealth for the elevation of mankind. Rev. A. S. Dobbs was stationed in Randolph at the time Judge Chamberlain made his noble benefactions, and was indefatigable in perfecting the arrangements which led to such valuable results.

We believe that this institution now has a larger permanent endowment than any other seminary under the patronage of the M. E. Church. The Trustees desire to carry out the gen-

erous designs of the gentleman in whose honor the school was named. They believe that this can be accomplished by making every department ample and efficient, and then placing these advantages within the reach of all, at the lowest possible cost. It has sometimes happened, that great gifts for educational purposes have failed to reach that class which most requires aid. We trust that one good result of this endowment will be to lessen the expenses of those earnest young men and women who desire to obtain an education, but who must largely depend upon their own exertions.

Chamberlain Institute is beautifully situated, upon an eminence which overlooks a varied landscape of fertile fields, green valleys, and picturesque mountain-spurs. The locality is remarkably healthy, and the inhabitants noted for their enterprise and morality.

Randolph is situated directly on the great line of travel between the East and West, being located upon the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, which makes a junction at Salamanca, fifteen miles distant, with the Erie Railroad. Various railroads intersect this great route, making access from all directions easy and expeditious.

THE TIENTSING HORROR.—The details are arriving of the terrible massacre of Roman Catholics which occurred last June at Tientsing. It was an anti-French, more than an anti-Christian massacre. The French have aggravated the Chinese by "looting," when soldiers, and by putting down what money they chose for the article and violently carrying it off. The people became enraged. Wild stories were circulated as to their killing the children and sending them to Europe, cut up and packed for medicinal purposes. Placards stirring up the people, were affixed to temples and public buildings, and a violent mob broke into the French Consulate, and the hospital and school of the Sisters of Charity, killing the officers, women, native Christians and children. The women were most horribly treated. A writer in the *Advertiser* thus describes their horrible fate:—

"Nine of the sisters were then collected in the large school-room. They were beaten with sticks of bamboo and their clothes

torn from their bodies. They were placed on their heads and cut with knives in the most savage manner, and outraged almost beyond belief. Yet alive, they were ranged side by side along the room, their cheeks gashed, lips and nose cut, eyes scooped from their heads, their breasts cut off, and abdomen ripped open with large cleavers. Their limbs were cut and broken, and in ten minutes naught remained but their disfigured bodies. Every cruelty which it was possible for the most savage barbarian to conceive of was perpetrated upon these weak, defenseless Christian ladies."

The English and other foreigners escaped, except three Russians, who were caught in the crowd and fired on. The deeds are horrible, and show what may yet be the fate of other Christians before the Buddhists give up their faith; for priest, mandarins, and people all make this act religious. It is part of the price to be paid for redeeming men to Christ. Tientsing is the grain port of Peking, the place where all the produce is reshipped for the shallow channels that lead to the capital. The event causes profound excitement, and but for the European war would be fiercely punished. It should be wisely punished. China must be made to respect her treaties and to allow the free and general preaching of the Gospel. Every Church must be at liberty to do its duty, as it understands its duty, in that land. This horrible event will lead to that peaceful issue.

Rev. Dr. Thomas E. Sewall, died week before last, in Baltimore. He was one of the most eloquent preachers in the country. He was a son of Dr. Sewall, of Washington, whose plates, descriptive of the effects of alcohol on the stomach, were of great use to the cause of Temperance in its earlier discussions. He was a nephew of Rufus Choate, whose grace of manner he largely possessed. Tall, slim, elegant in address, with a voice of music, he charmed all auditors. Few excelled him in his line. It was said in Baltimore, that the Presbyterians offered him three thousand dollars a year only to wave his hand in their pulpits. In those days this salary was almost if not quite three times what he received in his own church. It showed his general popularity. He has been unable to preach for some time, and gradually sunk in peace into peace.

Original and Selected Papers.

HUMBLENESS.

Low-arched the gates of heaven stand,
To enter in, we must bow down;
Bear from the dust the heavy cross,
Then rise to wear the crown.

Low-arched the golden wicket is,
Yet 'tis the Father's will,
If low in humbleness we kneel,
Our breathings to fulfill.

Low-arched, the citadel's high towers
Are reached through the low gates;
Beyond, lies country filled with flowers,
That doth for God's sons wait.

Low-arched the gates of heaven are,
Studded with precious stone;
We must kneel low to enter in,
Then rise, and wear the crown.

B. S. C.

LEGAL SUBSCRIPTION PAPERS.

BY HENRY RAYLIES.

The liberality with which the church and the community subscribe to the founding and support of institutions of learning to the erection and repairs of churches and to the other multitudinous objects which appeal to benevolence, faith, and patriotism, is a matter of profound gratitude. That these subscriptions are usually paid, declares the honest purpose and earnest sympathy with which they are made. It would not be true to affirm that every thousand dollars subscribed, is paid, yet the exceptions amount to only a small percentage. Nor are we willing that all the blame of non-payment should rest on subscribers. Thousands of dollars are lost every year by the neglect of solicitors to make sure these promises while it is in the power of the subscribers to meet them. Other thousands, it may safely be affirmed, are lost by defective or worthless subscription papers. When the immediate interest is passed, subscribers scrutinize more closely the papers to which they have placed their names, and, finding they are not legally bound, refuse to pay.

Other thousands are lost by death of subscribers, who, had they lived, would have paid, and who, dying, expect their executors or administrators to pay what they have promised. But the executors or administrators refuse, on demand of payment, because the subscription paper is not a legally executed contract, and they cannot pay what they are not legally bound to pay, however much they may desire to do so.

This brings us to the question of legal subscription papers for religious, educational, and benevolent purposes generally.

We will first premise that we do not propose nor shall we advocate legal proceedings on every legally drawn subscription paper when subscribers may refuse to pay their subscriptions. We do not delight in litigation, nor would we recommend it; yet there will arise cases, such as we have barely suggested, where a legal process might quicken moral sensibility, or rejuvenate decaying benevolence, or arouse delinquent executors and administrators to their obligations.

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," is a maxim which needs application especially in the business matters of churches and benevolent and educational institutions.

What constitutes a legally binding subscription paper? This question is more easily asked than answered, yet we will attempt, by the aid of legal authorities, to give an answer.

A subscription paper should be a carefully drawn contract. In every contract there must be a "consideration," a reason sufficient in law why the contract is entered into. Every contract in which there is a "valuable" consideration is binding upon the parties thereto, even though that consideration be very small. This "consideration" arises from some benefit to accrue to him who makes the promise in the contract, or from some injury to result to service to be performed by, or value to be received from, him to whom the promise is made.

But subscriptions for the purposes above indicated are generally free-will offerings from the subscribers, proceeding more from the consideration of the good they may confer than from the money or other value they shall receive. Yet, even with this difficulty in our way, we think all subscription papers may be so drawn or so guarded as not to leave the question of "consideration," which is a vital question, in peril.

We are aware that it is usually thought, in some instances it has been held by courts, that a sufficient "consideration" is found for the promise of each subscriber in the promises of the other subscribers; but a careful examination of a large number of cases, decided by courts of various States, leads us to consider this, to say the least, uncertain.

It has been held in an important leading case that the agreement of a single individual to make a donation of money to a literary or religious institution, without any undertaking on the part of the donee to do anything, is without consideration and void. And it was further held

that an agreement by the institution to receive and invest the money when paid, and apply the interest to the payment of the salaries of its officers, will not furnish a consideration to support the undertaking.

All such mere promises have no legal value, even though in writing, and are mainly dependent for their fulfillment upon the honor of the subscribers. A writer in the *American Law Review* (ii. 396) thus states the law: "According to the analogies of the law, the subscriber should be bound to the extent his subscription has authorized others to make advances which they have actually made, or to incur liabilities which they have actually incurred in effecting its purpose before they have received from him notice of his dissent or withdrawal of his name. His signature clothed others with authority to pledge his credit, and he should be bound by their acts duly performed within the scope of that authority before revocation. To this extent the binding force of such subscription is well settled."

Such subscriptions, however, do not meet the demands of many enterprises which require that a large sum shall be secured before any advances shall be actually made or liabilities actually incurred by the parties to whom the subscription runs. And further, though the subscription has authorized others to make advances or incur liabilities, yet, even then, the subscribers are bound only to the extent of actually made advances, or liabilities actually incurred, and then each only in proportion to the amount of his several subscription.

It would seem much better and safer to avoid such forms of mere promissory subscriptions, which have so often been found wanting in the hour of need. Perhaps the surest method by which subscribers may be bound, without going into the question of consideration, is to affix a seal to the subscription paper. It has been held by one court at least, "If the subscription is under seal, the seal imports a consideration which cannot be denied." Except in Kentucky, Iowa, Alabama, Louisiana, and California, a seal "imports a valuable consideration."

A contract (and a subscription) though written, unless sealed, is, in most States, no more binding than a promise orally given. It is unwaveringly settled that where the contract is in writing, but not under seal, a consideration must be proved, as much as if the contract were oral only. But at common law a contract under seal is in general valid without reference to any other consideration. The seal implies a consideration, and, except in cases of fraud or mistake, courts of law will not often go back of the seal to inquire into the consideration.

Any number of persons can use one and the same seal, and thereby adopt it as the seal of each. The heading of the subscription should contain the declaration that each subscriber adopts and uses it as his seal. The seal, of course, must be affixed before the paper is subscribed.

Though it is not strictly necessary, yet, in order to prevent all questionings as to the time when the seal was affixed, the *testimonium* should be recited ("In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals," etc.)

Even with these precautions, too much care cannot be exercised in drawing up subscription papers where large amounts or large interests are involved. The paper should be explicit and contain a full contract. Sometimes the difficulty is bridged over by reciting, not omitting the seal. "In consideration of one dollar to us in hand paid by the trustees of — University, etc., and in further consideration," etc.

All these methods should be adopted so that, if possible, the pecuniary foundation of our educational and other enterprises may be made sure.

We conclude these remarks with reminding our readers that it is a universal and perfectly established principle of law, both in England and this country, that no promise to pay any money or do anything can be enforced at law, unless it rests upon a consideration; and all we have said before may be considered as consisting of suggestions how to meet this requirement.

To every subscription paper, and to each sheet or piece of each paper, must be affixed a five-cent internal revenue stamp. It is not necessary to affix a stamp to each name. Though the interest be separate and the obligation several, yet only one stamp is required, since the agreement is for one common purpose.

Subscriptions are sometimes made in the form of promissory notes, the parties supposing a note more binding than the ordinary subscription paper. But the maker would not be bound in law to pay such note to the payee. "A note delivered by the maker to the payee as a gift and without any consideration, but intended by him to be paid, cannot be enforced as against the donor or his personal representative." "In order to render a moral obligation a consideration for an express promise, there must have been some preëxisting legal consideration." A third person, to whom such note had been endorsed for value, could however enforce payment.

We have in this paper aimed only to arrive at and state conclusions which may be of permanent value in aid of the educational and benevolent enterprises of the day.

Upon careful study and extensive research, we think our statements of law can be relied upon and are safe for the guidance of those who draw up subscription papers in aid of the interests named and of others of kindred nature. The principles apply to all contracts.

We submit this paper with a deep sense of the importance that attaches to this subject. Having had much experience and observation in church, educational, and benevolent enterprises, we have had occasion to regret the worthlessness of subscription papers. We do not remember to have seen one that was legally binding.

We do not present this matter to incite or even to suggest litigation, but rather to prevent it, and to make sure to worthy enterprises the subscriptions upon which their success depends.

CHURCH SINGING.

When Paul wrote to his brethren at Ephesus, he exhorted them to "be filled with the Spirit: speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord." This exhortation was not alone for the Ephesians, but for the general Christian Church, and for all time.

The Methodist people have done a most important part towards introducing this kind of singing into use, so that this "social service of song" has become a necessary part of worship in the social meetings of nearly all evangelical denominations. Indeed, so essential is its aid that a Methodist would be at a loss to know how to have a good social meeting without it. We want it because it has divine sanction, and is as much a real part of worship as anything else is. It is a convenient channel for exuberant feelings and abundant thanksgiving, and is an excellent help to that cheerful frame of mind so essential to hearty, confiding prayer, and direct testimony. God has signally blessed such singing as a means to arouse His people from fainting by the way, and for the awaking and conversion of sinners. Spiritual and consequently worshipful singing in all our services is the great need of the Church to-day. When it is of such acknowledged power in our social meetings, what reason is there that it shall not be attended with even proportionally greater power in our great congregations if sung in the same spirit? But losing sight of the spirituality of such singing as its secret power, people have too often looked upon it as an art, and have catered to it as such, and the consequence is the exclusive choir or quartette. As often occurs, unconverted men are found who are better artistic performers than Christian people, so they are got in to do the singing, and the Holy Spirit is neglected. God seeks such to worship Him as worship Him in spirit and in truth. Holy Ghost singing is as essential as Holy Ghost praying or preaching. No matter how fine the instrument, no matter how select the choir or how great or few its numbers, if it is not singing in the Spirit it is as much out of place as a part of worship as is a minister who is unconverted, and is not called of God as Aaron was. Everybody who knows anything about religion feels that for a man to enter the work of the ministry, he must have the eloquence of the Holy Ghost to be of any power at all for the salvation of men. Who would go to hear men pray whose prayers were not attended by the union of the Holy One? O! this union is what our singing in the house of God wants to-day! Shall she have it? And shall we not cease to cater longer to the ears of mortals, and cater to the ear of God which will be to the hearts of men? The Methodist Church is a soul-saving church. This is its business, and it cannot afford to lose the power of sanctified song. Why are there so many divisions and heartburnings in churches on account of the singing to-day? The reason is plain: Satan has been allowed to put in music when the church should have put in worship and only worship. No human accomplishments can take the place of spirituality. Methodism has been so evidently set apart for God, and for Him alone, that any leaning to the world whatever, will be as surely followed with damage as were the Israelites when they mingled with Canaanites. Let us heed the instruction of the Apostle, and be filled with the Spirit; and let all the people sing and make melody in their hearts unto the Lord.

E. CHENERY.

A WORD FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

"Nova Scotia," says Goldsmith, "is a country where men might be imprisoned, but not kept." And your readers, glancing at my letter, instinctively think of polar regions, and perhaps quote the description of his parish, made to his diocesan, by a northern curate.

"Far north, my lord, it lies,
'Mid frozen snows, inclement skies;
One shudders in the arctic wind,
One hears the northern axis grind."

Softly, gentle reader. Be it known to you that the Acadian land is one of the most temperate on the globe, whether the theory of the thermal influences of the Gulf-stream be a myth or not; our Province, stretching far in the Atlantic, feels at least the tempering power of the great heart of ocean. We know nothing of the "severe summer" weather, over which Junius laughs, or of the deep snows and vigorous cold of Maine and New Brunswick. At Halifax, the mean temperature of spring is 49°, of summer 62°, of autumn 55°, of winter 22°. In the western towns on the Atlantic coast the figure for summer would be lower and that for winter higher than these. The past six months have been of the pleasantest. About once a week we had a fog, fresh from the sea, cool

and bracing, which passing away in a few hours, after washing the air of its impurities, left an atmosphere sweet, pellucid, and elastic. Then would follow day as of early September, cool, bracing, and delicious, making it a joy to breathe; while the clear atmosphere gave to the distant hills a glitter and glory in the sunlight such as I have never seen elsewhere. And the Sabbaths were "perfect days," fully realizing Herbert's description.

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

Commend me always for summer holidays to this fair town, between the sweet clover fields and the shining sea. The nights were as delicious as the days. With open window for free access for the air, heavy with the perfume of summer-time, one found, under two or three blankets, just the temperature for perfect repose, while never a mosquito came with his diabolical refrain, and sleep was unbroken.

Christian men are watching with great interest the struggle, in New England against the rum-power. May the Christian radicalism which has beaten down other forms of chartered diabolism, triumph here also. We notice that in this, as in "every good word and work," ZION'S HERALD is "at the front." We are charmed with its intellect, its wit, its vivacity, its freshness, its manliness, its faithfulness. We find its every number a tonic to our souls. Some of us could not do without it. I may meet your readers soon again, therefore au revoir. C. P.

CHARITY.

"We are told in classic history that an old painter was employed to sketch the Macedonian Emperor. The Emperor had received a severe wound upon the right temple, in one of his famous battles, and a large scar was left. The artist proceeded to the work, assigned him, and sketched the monarch leaning upon his elbow, with his forefinger covering the scar. His ingenuity was universally applauded, and he became more famed than ever. So it is with genuine charity, which 'covereth a multitude of sins.' Instead of exposing the faults of others, and holding them up to scorn and ridicule, it covers them with the finger of love, except when truth and justice require them to be openly rebuked. The way of the world is, to expose the scars of character, and set them off in more than their real ugliness. They are the subjects of gossip and keen satire in the social circle, and the sparks of fire that are struck around, often kindle into a flame. How much more beautiful is that spirit which treats the failure of others with forbearance, while it does not excuse iniquity in the nearest friend! This is the secret foundation of all that is good and true. This is the charity which 'suffereth long and is kind,' and 'doth not behave itself unseemly,' and thinketh no evil."

THE TIMES—The Prophecies.—We are beginning to believe in prophecy. There is no disguising the fact that the war in Europe is beginning to partake more and more of a religious character, and it looks as if the prophecy made as early as the year 1650, we believe, by the Rev. Mr. Fletcher of England, is likely to be fulfilled to the letter. Mr. Fletcher, who was well versed in Bible history, delivered a series of lectures on the prophecies, in which he pointed out those that had been already fulfilled, and then predicted what were yet to take place, which so far have been fulfilled to the letter. He predicted the French Revolution, which occurred within a few months of the time specified. He also, at that early period, predicted that the next vial would be poured out on the head of the Roman Catholic Church, and that it would commence in the year 1848. Singular as it may appear, in that very year the Pope fled from his subjects in disguise, and after his return he was maintained at Rome by French bayonets. He had been captured and carried off before, but this was the first time he fled from his subjects. As to the duration of the fulfillment of prophecy, writers disagree, but that depends on the magnitude of the power to be despoiled. Some writers have fixed the period at from 20 to 30 years, and we believe that before 22 years pass away from the beginning in 1848, the Pope will be entirely stripped of his temporal power, and all the nations of the earth that contributed to his power will be greatly weakened, leaving the power of the Pope completely neutralized, and the Church, in many instances, may become an independent State affair.

Italy stands ready to wrest the last vestige of temporal power from the Pope, and probably pillage Rome, if the people are not restrained by Italian and English bayonets. Austria has abrogated the Concordat with the Pope, and it is believed that she will prohibit the promulgation of the Infallibility dogma in her dominions. Spain has dethroned Queen Isabella, who was the "Bride of the Church," and declared in favor of freedom in religion. Hungary is already agitating a separate and independent Church. Napoleon III. is sick, and the Empress Eugenia has dispatched a special train from Paris to bring home the "Imperial Infant," to keep company with the Prince of the Asturias, the exiled son of Isabella of Spain. Tears may be shed, but alas! we are fearful he will pick up no more spent bullets on battle fields, by the side of the Emperor.

The Council has assembled—the Infallibility dogma was adopted after a great struggle, and opposition has been made to it in almost every known Catholic country on the face of the globe. The excommunications and recriminations have commenced. The Pope's temporal power is now at the mercy of Italy and England, and the day may not be far distant when the Pope may be found protected under the flag of Protestant England, or that of the United States.

This is emphatically the age of the people. The curse of slavery and serfdom has been abolished by the two most powerful nations on the face of the globe—Russia and the United States. Despotism is tottering in Austria, Spain, and France. Liberal Germany is being united into one of the ruling powers of Europe, and the people everywhere seem to be casting off the shackles of slavery and despotism, all except the small faction of bastard Democrats in the United States, who cling to all kinds of slavery and despotism as naturally as they plundered the people when in power.—*Miner's Journal.*

HE BARE OUR SINS.—He bare sin as a heavy burden; so the word "bearing" imports in general; and those two words used by the prophet (Isaiah liii. 4), to which these allude, imply the bearing of some great mass or load. And surely that which pressed Him so sore who upholds heaven and earth, no other could have sustained or surmounted. Was it, think you, the pain of that common outside of His death, though very painful, that drew such a word from Him, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" No, it was this burden of sin, the first of which was committed in the Garden of Eden, that then began to be fastened upon His shoulders in the Garden of Gethsemane. This was the cup He trembled at, more than gall and vinegar, or any part of His external sufferings: it was the bitter cup of wrath due to sin, which the Father put into His hand and caused him to drink, the very same thing that is here called the bearing of our sins in His body. Now amongst these were even those sins we call small. If the greater were as the spear that pierced His side, the less were as the nails that pierced His hands and His feet, and the very least as the thorns that were set on His precious head. "The Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all,"—"that we being dead to sin should live unto righteousness."—*Archbishop Leighton.*

CHRIST IS ALL.

The following verses, which were read by Dr. Edmonds, of the United Presbyterian Church of Great Britain, at the conclusion of his sermon at Calvary Church, Philadelphia, May 22d, are becoming quite popular, and justify so. They interpret the real feelings of the contrite heart.

I entered once a home of care,
For age and penury were there;
Yet peace and joy withal;
I asked the lonely mother whence
Her helpless widowhood's defense,
She told me Christ was all.

I stood beside a dying bed,
Where a sweet infant drooped his head,
Waiting for Jesus' call.
I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May;
And as his spirit passed away,
He whispered Christ was all.

I saw the martyr at the stake,
And not fierce flames his faith could shake,
Or death his soul appal;
I asked him whence such strength was given,
He looked triumphantly to heaven,
And answered Christ is all.

I saw the Gospel herald go,
To Africa's sand and Greenland's snow,
To save from Satan's thrall;
Nor hope nor life he counted dear;
Midst warts and perils owned no fear:
He felt that Christ was all.

I dreamt that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
And fire dissolved this ball;
I saw the Church's ransom'd throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas, Christ is all in all.

Then come to Jesus, come to-day,
Come, Father, Son, and Spirit say,
The Bride repeats the call;
Come, He has blood for all your stains;
Come, He has balm for all your pains:
Come, He is all in all.

THE LAST ENEMY CONQUERED.—Dense as the gloom is which hangs over the mouth of the sepulchre, it is the spot, above all others, where the Gospel, if it enters, shines and triumphs. In the busy sphere of life and health it encounters an active antagonist; the world confronts it;—aims to obscure its glories—to deny its claims—to drown its voice—to dispute its progress—to drive it from the ground it occupies. But from the mouth of the grave the world retires. It shrinks from the contest there; it leaves a clear and open space in which the Gospel can assert its claims, and unveil its glories, without opposition or fear. There the infidel and the worldling look anxiously around; but the world has left them helpless, and fled. There the Christian looks around, and lo! the angel of mercy is standing close by his side. The Gospel kindles a torch which not only irradiates the valley of the shadow of death, but throws a radiance into the world beyond, and reveals it peopled with the sainted spirits of those who have died in Jesus. It descends with us into the low chamber of the grave,—bids us look on its silent inmates; and to look on them with the persuasion that they only sleep. It assures us that death, like sleep, is not the destruction of the living principle; but only a temporary change in the mode of its operation; that, like sleep, it is a state of rest, discharging us from all the concerns of the world; that, like sleep, it principally affects the body, the activity of the soul being meantime continued, and perhaps greatly increased; and, most of all, that, like sleep, it will not be perpetual, but only endure for a night. It tells us that a day will dawn on the world when Jesus, assuming an aspect of infinite benignity, will say, in effect, of all his sleeping saints, as he said of Lazarus: 'I go to awake them out of sleep.'

DR. HARRIS.

An agreeable person is one who agrees with you.

MRS. HOWE ON MARGARET FULLER.

Fate dropt our Margaret
Within the bitter sea,
A pearl in golden splendor set
For spirit majesty.

The Ethiop's gem of light
Flashed in the gleaming brine,
A regal jewel stolen from night
To grace a pomp divine.

So He who laid our pearl
Deep in the sapphire sea,
Keeps her rare essence in the draught
Of immortality.

MALE WORSHIP.

The ancient baronies of Forth and Bargo occupy the southeastern part of the county of Wexford in Ireland. They include the rugged elevation called Forth Mountain, with its three peaks, Carrick a Shinnia, Carrick a Dee, and Carrick a Foyle. When clouds are seen on them the inhabitants expect a storm, as the old rhyme indicates:—

"When Carrick a Dee wears a hat,
Let Forth and Bargo beware of that."

The people inhabiting this tract are, with rare exceptions, descendants of English and Flemings, colonized there in 1469. Until within the last century their language was, undoubtedly, that spoken by their ancestors in the twelfth century. Holding themselves aloof from their Irish neighbors, marrying among their own people, and speaking their own dialect, their manners and customs presented many marked peculiarities. Col. Vallancy, in a paper drawn up for the Royal Irish Academy in 1769, states that from ten o'clock in the morning to two o'clock in the afternoon, men, women, and children gave up labor and took to their beds, and that the "cattle doo so too; the geese and the ducks repair into their master's yard, and the cocks and hens doo goe to roost."

Col. Richards, Governor of Wexford under Cromwell, left a manuscript on the peculiar habits and traditions of the people of the two baronies, in which I find an account of a custom among the women of Forth and Bargo, evincing a reverence for masculinity, profound enough to satisfy the Rev. Dr. Fulton himself:—

"In one respect they excel all their sex in this kingdom: they so revere and honor the male sex, man, beast, and bird, that, to instance one particular only, if the master of the house is from home, his son, if he has any, or if none then his chief man-servant, though but a poor plough-driver or cow-boy, shall have the first mess of broth, and the first cut of meat, before the mistress or any of her female guests. This I know, and have heard it affirmed that if there be no man or boy in the house, they will give the first bit to a dog or cock or some other male creature!"

It must have been a woman of Bargo who wrote the sad lament for the death of a favorite rooster, which William Barnes, in his curious little volume on the dialect of Forth, has given:—

"Ye hyperic anil, come hark to me,
Foads we happened ne last Good Friday:
Me cock was living mighty well,
Dicks die ich went to the mill.
He ro! me cock is ee-go!
He ro! me cock is ee-go!
Wen chicks have been so-left fatherless,
To who shall ich make mes redress?"

Which may thus read in modern English:—

"Ye neighbors all, come hark to me,
What happened to me last Good Friday;
My cock was living mighty well,
That day when I went to the mill.
He ro! my cock is gone!
Nine chicks has he left fatherless;
To whom shall I make my redress?"

It occurred to me that this relic of the ancient male worship, once so universal, might not be uninteresting to the readers of the Journal.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Amesbury, Mass., 8th month, 6, 1870.

The Woman's Journal.

THE LITURGY is the peculiarity of a Liturgy, that it carries in it more than its mere language. It is weighted with the richness of the past. Unnumbered pious souls, unnumbered great congregations, have breathed their joy and humility, their aspiration and triumph, through these very utterances. Some of them have come down from the Early Church; have been on the lips of martyrs; have ascended in unbroken succession from God's people for more than fifteen hundred years. In others, pure and holy natures in the darkness of the Middle Ages, bore witness to the truth and love of God in their souls. All of them have come down through generations; the child has learned them from his mother; millions of soul-histories have been closely linked with them. Some sense of all this, often vague, but very powerful, rests on those who in sincerity worship through these words. It is no empty sentimentalism; it is the sense, through the imagination, of a glorious truth,—the unity, through all ages of God's children.—*The Christian Union.*

It has been scientifically discovered that we have no further use for the "little busy bee," as honey can be made better and cheaper by a new process. Bees must go into some other business.

"I am going to the post-office, Bob, shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you want to; but I don't think you'll find me there."

Whenever a minister has preached a sermon that pleases the whole congregation, he probably has preached one that the Lord won't endorse.—*Billings.*

For the Children.

THE WARNING BELL.

In every youthful breast doth dwell
A little tingling, jingling bell,
Which rings if we do ill, or well.
And when we put bad thoughts to flight,
And choose to do the good and right,
It sings a psalm of delight.
But if we choose to do the wrong,
And against the weak strive with the strong,
It tolls a solemn, saddened song.
And should we on some darksome day,
When hope lights not the cheerless way,
Far from the path of duty stray,
'Twill with its tones, serene and clear,
Of warning in the spirit's ear,
Our slow returning footsteps cheer.
And always in the worldly mart,
With its sweet song it cheers each heart,
To do with energy their part.
Then let us strive with might and main,
To shun the wrong and do the right,
And the bell's warning voice ne'er slight.

PLANTS WITHOUT ROOT.

CHAPTER IX.

BY ANNA WARNER.

Whether Molly's words had their effect, — whether having been so successful after all, made him bolder; certain it is, that Peter Limp contrived to find out most of the church meetings that were held, and to get some share of the words spoken thereat. Sometimes he went alone, sometimes he took Molly; first giving the other boys his company all day, to allay their suspicions. And either he had grown skillful, or else they were especially busy, for a good many days and nights passed by without particular disturbance. But Peter was not happy. He couldn't go back to his old ways of doing and talking with any sort of comfort, for he had a taste of better things; and he got not half the good of his new ways, because he was forever afraid they would be found out. And I can tell you, children, once for all, whoever would really be the Lord's servant, must be one openly. What would you think of a soldier who should refuse to wear uniform and march in ranks, for fear the enemy would get a shot at him? Poor Peter, it was pretty much what he was trying to do. He had made great talk at first about helping Molly, but as it turned out, it was Molly who helped him. And so, sometimes catching the glad trust of her little heart; sometimes urged on by her words, or drawn on by her example, Peter — like Herod — "did many things." Also he contrived to not do a good many. Sometimes he kept out of his father's sight, so that he could not be ordered to go and steal something "to keep the house agoin';" or if that plan failed, Peter would spend all his energies to buy or find something that might serve his turn. Mrs. Graves was not the first farmer's wife who had been laid under contribution; nor was the snow-clad visit to her house the last one, by many, that the two children paid to the kindly villagers and farm folk. For the people were very kind, even to children from Vinegar Hill; and Walter Limp began to think that begging might prove as good a trade as stealing, at least taking the risk into account. But begging, in such a small neighborhood, could not last always.

"We's goin' round to Skillet's to-morrow," Peter said to his little sister one night, as they sat whispering over their day's work and their plans. "That'll be a long pull for yer, Moll, — most down to Graves's they lives."

Molly shivered a little, in anticipation, but made no reply.

"Has ter, ye see," said Peter, with a glance at her. "Leastways if yer wouldn't sooner mouse it into the parson's corn crib."

"O no!" said Molly earnestly. "We's go, Peter; beggin' is honest, ain't it, Peter?"

"Guess likely 'tis — sorter," said Peter Limp with some hesitation. "Make the most on it, Moll, while yer can. Next week we's got ter live by our fingers."

"We ain't," said Molly decidedly.

"Tell yer we's got ter," said Peter, in rough tones. "This here and Skillet's is the last livin' place left. 'Taint no sort o' use goin' to some — and we's been to fothers."

"We's go again," said Molly.

"Blessed if I do," said Peter. "Tell yer, Moll, they's tired o' us, like, — and seein' all, yer can't hardly blame 'em."

"We's pray what to do, then," said little Molly.

"That's no good," said Peter, decidedly, "cause we knows now. I'll tell yer, like a book. We'll worry on a bit, and then we'll take up old tricks again, and not worry."

"Peter, I ain't never agoin' to do tricks, no more!" said Molly, with a whole covenant in her little white face.

"Then yer won't do nothin'," said Peter. "Father'll kill yer, sure as guns."

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Molly rocked herself softly from side to side, — somehow the idea did not seem to terrify her much.

"Would it be all done then, Peter?" she asked. "I wouldn't ache no more, nor nothin'?"

"Guess likely there'd be a good deal done," said Peter, once more giving her a side glance; "and you among the rest. Regularly done for, you'd be. Now, Moll, just shut up — does yer hear? If we can't help it, we can't — and 'taint no ways agin us, as I see."

"But we's got to mind the King, Peter," said little Molly, with a gleam of joy lighting up her face. "And O! 't's so glad!"

"I ain't got to do nothin' as can't be done," said Peter, with a dissatisfied grunt. "Telled yer so all along. However, Moll, we'll hold on a spell yet; and we'll be off to Skillet's in the mornin', fust thing."

"Peter," whispered Molly under her breath, "lets we read just a little!" —

"What, now?" said Peter.

Molly nodded.

"Spouse father comes in?" said Peter.

"He won't," said Molly. "I'll ask the King not to let him."

"Well, if you can get him kep' out" — said Peter, with a look half of scorn, and half of a certain awed wonder which often came over his face at Molly's speeches.

Molly gave a little joyful exclamation, and hurried away to fetch the much-loved book from its hiding-place. Curling down then by the twinkling chip firelight, — for a stove held quite too much capital, and open fires were the rule in Walter Limp's house, — Molly sat with eyes and ears intent upon Peter, and Peter opened the book cautiously.

"Did yer ask Him?" he whispered Molly.

Molly nodded.

"Read on, Peter," she said, "anywhere."

Sitting uneasily, glancing over his shoulder, Peter read "anywhere."

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children."

"What's dear children, Peter?" whispered Molly.

"Why, young 'uns as their folks is proud of, I guess," said Peter, hesitating a little. "Children as loves 'em, Moll, and gets loved back."

A shadow fell on Molly's eager face, plain to see even in that dim light. She looked round at poor listless Mrs. Limp, at her old trade of patching and piecing, the baby asleep for once; then gave a timid glance towards the dark window, and with a little shiver and a little sigh came back to Peter and the book again.

"Guess likely we's to foller like as we was sick, yer see," said Peter, in answer to her puzzled look.

"But we's all different, Peter," said Molly sadly. "What's it mean, Peter?"

Peter looked puzzled in his turn.

"Here's the next thing," he said, reading on as if to get through the difficulty that way: —

"And walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us."

"Then if He's giv' himself for us, He wants us, Peter!" said Molly, rousing up with her eyes like two fireflies.

"Does sound so, sure enough," said Peter; "but if that's it, Moll, it's too queer for me."

"And if He wants us, and gets us," said Molly, pursuing her own train of thought, "then we's His dear children — don't you see, Peter? And we's to feel so, too."

"Them may as can," answered Peter, with a little grunt of extreme doubt and difficulty. "How's yer goin' ter feel, I'd just like to know?"

"Happy," said Molly. "And glad. He's giv' himself for us 'cause He's wanted us, — only think, Peter!"

"Too hard for me," said Peter, with a shake of his head. "Guess I'll try a bit further on. Queer!" said Peter again, as he fluttered over the leaves and began in a new place, — "seems as if it was everywhere, in all sorts o' places. 'T's turned away on, Moll, and here's the fust livin' thing I comes upon: —

"We love Him, because He first loved us."

A heavy, lumbering step on the threshold startled both the children from their musings. Molly turned white with fear.

"There — telled ye 'twarn't no sort o' use askin'," said Peter reproachfully. "Father's come, this blessed minute."

But even as he spoke, Walter Limp stumbled and fell, measuring his full length upon the floor; and long before the besotted man could rise to his feet again, Molly and her book were both in safe hiding, and Molly was giving thanks that the King had heard.

Not hear? —

"Ask, and ye shall receive."

"The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth. He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry, and will save them."

Peter Limp, on his part, also disappeared out of the little room; but instead of going to bed, he went out for a walk.

It was clear starlight, but only that, and so Peter thought to himself that there was no need of his meeting any of the boys unless he was a mind to. For indeed they were a great trial to Peter just now; and instead of

bravely fighting the difficulties they threw in his way, Peter shirked them as far as he could.

So wandering noiselessly round among the bushes, considering with himself what he should do when begging was quite played out, Peter went step by step towards the village, and began to peer in at one window and another to see what the folks were about. Windows were shut too tight now, in the cold weather, for him to hear anything; but the bright lights, and fires, and faces, were a good picture in many a house. Knitting needles, and books, and apples, and nuts, came in to play their part; and Peter almost forgot he was cold, standing in the snow to watch.

He had stood long in front of one particular window, where there was most to see, when of a sudden a huge snowball whizzed by his head, and went crashing through the panes of glass. In quick succession came a volley of smaller balls against his own head, and Peter drew back in haste. It was time, too; for the house door flew open, and not only the head of the family, but every head of the family, was thrust forth into the darkness. Stumbling back to be out of reach, Peter came full against Tim Wiggins.

"Ain't they just the stupidest!" said that worthy under his breath. "Hold up, Peter! Now then — here she goes!" — and another well-directed ball of ice and snow landed full in the doorway, making great confusion among the heads there assembled.

"Boys!" shouted the owner of the house, shielding himself carefully this time behind the door.

"Look alive there!" said Tim in the same undertone, dispatching his ball this time against the door itself.

"I'll have you all sent to prison!" screamed the excited schoolmaster, for he it was. "And have you thrashed first, till you won't care where you go!"

"Steady's the word!" responded Tim; and another clink of broken glass told of further execution in the sitting-room. At the same minute the wild cry of a night-hawk sounded through the air, and Tim dropped his next snowball, and seized hold of Peter.

"Game's up," he said, "and we's the winners. Now for it!" — and away the two ran, till village lights were far behind, and only the stars looked down.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA, No. 23.

I am composed of five letters.

My first is in love, but not in hate;
My second is in city, but not in state;
My third is in west, but not in north;
My fourth is in paper, but not in cloth;
My fifth is in son, but not in daughter;
My whole is a large body of water.

M. A. C.

SEABROOK, N. H.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 22.

"I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." Third Epistle of John, 4th verse.

ALL SORTS.

THE METHODISTS. — I have said that the Methodists of this country are in transition. The fame of their great achievements arrests general attention. The movement is so great that I cannot measure it. I note the learning of the preachers and professors; I see the meeting-houses costly and elaborately appointed; I hear of endowments of academies, colleges, seminaries, and universities; I feel the earth tremble as the chariots and horsemen of this great Christian army go thundering by me. I know where they came from, and the camps they have left, and the victories they have won. God prosper and give them good speed. But be their achievements what they may, they cannot more bless mankind nor glorify God than have their fathers, who believed in the power of the Holy Spirit to convert and sanctify, and, going forth empty-handed, have filled the English language with music and the gospel testimonies; and have added, it may well be, millions of names to the roll of the redeemed.

T. K. BECKER.

The North Sittaute (Massachusetts) stage overturned lately, having three passengers inside, none of whom were injured. An old lady, who does not come to town often, and who seemed to think that it was ill in the play, put her head out of the window, after the crash had upset, and called to the driver, saying that "she'n said she would get out and walk up the hill, if the pecky thing was a-coming to ride so onsteady."

Judy-cious selections: — "No noose is good now," and the observation has been made, before now, by several surprised criminals. . . . To some wives — If you don't put out your washing, you'll very likely put out your husbands. . . . An economical man, who bought a coat much too small for him, did not sell it again, as he was advised, but, very wisely, let it out. . . . Some authors, whose punctuation is faultless, yet frequently write without point. . . . Judy reads in the paper, that some rascal pretended to make love to a servant girl, and thus got into her master's house by subterfuge. He got out again by the area steps. . . . To Logicians — When you find it no use to chop logic, you had better cut it. . . . According to Cocker — the more debts are contracted, the more they expand. . . . To make jams last — If you have jellies and jams to make, make the jellies first. . . . The last thing out — the gas. . . . Why is it impossible for a barrister to be straightforward? Because he's always going on circuit. . . . A female patient — Penelope. . . . The modern song of love — cupid-ditty. . . . Two blacks don't make a white; they don't even make a mulatto. . . . To persons about to write a letter — make a note of it.

Here is an epitaph from a Milwaukee cemetery:—

Here lies the body of Peter Grace,
Who died from eating Sweitzer haw;
He finished six platters, commenced upon seven,
And exploded. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A MODEL EPITAPH.

FROM DICKENS'S NEW STORY.

ETHELINDA,
Reverential wife of
MR. THOMAS SAPPHRA,
Auctioneer, Valuer, Estate Agent, etc.,
of this city,
Whose knowledge of the world,
Though somewhat extensive,
Never brought him acquainted with
A Spirit
More capable of
Looking up to him.
STRANGER, PAUSE,
And ask thyself the Question,
Canst Thou do Likewise?
If not,
With a Blush Retire.

"Can you return my love, my dearest Julia?" "Certainly, sir; I do not want it, I am sure."

The fence of a grave-yard in Pennsylvania bears an inscription in large white letters: "Use Jones's bottled ale if you would keep out of here."

Funerals and weddings are regarded in this country as special vehicles of family vanity, pride and ostentation.

On a gate post in front of a farmhouse out West is a sign, reading—"No life insurance or sewing machines wanted here."

TRUE.—"No man ever achieved a competency by working eight hours a day, and it is not best to be studying how little we can work, but how much."

JAMES HARPER.

"The aphorism, 'Whatever is, is right,' would be as final as it is lazy, did it not include the troublesome consequence, that nothing that ever was, was wrong."

CHARLES DICKENS.

Our Book Table.

POETRY.

POEMS, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* (Roberts Bros.) The age is full of religion. In every form and spirit it is at work. It breaks forth in newspaper notes, learned reviews, books, pulpits, platforms, poems, histories, essays, and creeds. Huxley cannot discuss physiology without introducing it, nor Darwin natural history. Frode writes twelve volumes of history in elucidation of its struggles, himself all the while a sceptic. Philosophy is full of it; false and true, it must discourse on religion. Poetry is feeling its presence. Not a generation ago critics complacently said there were no hymns that were poems. Watts and Wesley were whistled down the wind as complacently as Mother Goose. Every writer for fame shrunk from saying a word that implied faith in Jesus Christ. The ambitious young men steadily eschewed it or insulted it. Thackeray and Dickens could only find the place for it at their feasts of wit that was given Christian and Faithful in Vanity Fair, when they were "made the objects of any man's sport or malice or revenge." Every Christian truth, doctrine, duty and order, were subject to their revellings. The clergy, the missionary, the tract distributor, the Christian meeting-house and worship, all received their jibes. The very last pages of the last of these writers were full of the grossest caricatures of philanthropists and reformers. Equally averse were the poets. Wordsworth hardly dared to pray. Byron did dare to swear. Coleridge was timid, Moore foul. Tennyson shunned the word of grace, and said many a word that seemed to teach another Gospel.

But a new era dawns, and writers are not ashamed now of the Gospel of Christ. The Rossettis, sister and brother, are among the best of this class; the sister is the better of the two. This volume has many daring ideas, quaint devices, rich fancies, and holy aspirations. Its first poem, "The Blessed Damsel," describing the longing of a heaven-gone soul for her earthly mate, is very sweet and powerful:—

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in heaven? on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?
When round his head the aureole glows,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
We will step down into the stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.
We two will lie in the shadow of
That living, mystic tree,
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that his plumes touch,
Sails his name audibly."

This and more like it is of a far purer and loftier strain than "Gates Ajar."

How exquisite this portrait of a holy lady and her lover:—

"Her eyes were like the waves within;
Like water needs the pole
Of her soft body, dainty thin;
And like the water's noise
Her plaintive voice.
For him, the stream had never welled
In desert tracks malign
So sweet; nor had he ever felt
So faint in the sunshine
Of Palestine."

Powerful this portrait of the temptation:—

"The day when he, Pride's lord and man's,
Showed all the kingdoms at a glance
To him before whose countenance
The years recede, the years advance,
And said, 'Fall down and worship me.'"

The sonnets are full of poetry. The human life in its loves and sorrows is powerfully depicted, too powerfully for gross natures, but not to those that are pure. The other sonnets are more sacred, and some full of philanthropic fire; especially that which pleads against the cruel doctrine of neutrality evinced by England in our war, by us toward our Cuban brethren, and by all Europe in the fierce duel between France and Prussia. The poems are a treasure for the closet and the year.

STORIES.

DAYS OF BRUCE, and WOMEN OF ISRAEL, by Grace Aguilar (Appletons), two volumes each, are very interesting sketches, historic and valuable, in a dramatic form, of important days and persons. The first tells Scotland's grandest story next to that of Knox, the latter paints the chief women, not a few, of the chief land and race of antiquity.

O. T., by Hans Andersen, (Hurd & Houghton), is a Danish romance, in which "O. T." stands for Otto Thorstrup, a child picked out of the poor-house by a rich man who was his real grandfather, but knew it not. It is after the usual sort of novels, though with more artistic accompaniments.

SUMMER DRIFT WOOD (A. D. F. Randolph), is a beautiful boy's book, showing how Christ can grow in a youthful heart.

WRITE AS SNOW (A. D. F. Randolph), by George McDonald, is a charming tale of Christian love and grace. It is small, and like the other, can go safely into any Sabbath-school library.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS IN OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND (Carlton and Lanahan), is a series of four volumes on Fourth of July, Red Letter Days, Joy Days, and Festal and Floral Days, in Old and New England, then talk of May Day, Thanksgiving Day, Lord Mayor's Day, Christmas, New Year, Washington's Birth-day, and other popular festivals. They are put in an animated style, and will prove an attractive addition to our libraries.

THE MONTHLIES.

open the fall season brisk and bright. The Atlantic is uncommonly able and interesting. Mr. Hillard gives a felicitous résumé of Hawthorne's "English Notes," noticing what he does not note, dogs, cattle, horses, in fine, animals in general; he never visited the Epson Races, he does not talk of music, or theatres, of Parliament or games, of shooting or hunting, or yatching, of any sort of animal sports. He might add that he says hardly anything of preachers and preaching, but on this Mr. Hillard would himself be silent. Kate Field gives a very telling sketch of Fechter, which shows how much genius in every vein has to contend with to get acknowledged, and after it gets acknowledged. His violent passions and general irreligious nature are unwittingly but forcibly shown up. In it is one of those prophecies of Napoleon, who said to Fechter in London, on bidding him good by, when he was a seedy adventurer and Fechter was in the height of his popularity, "The next time we meet will be in the Tuilleries." "That is somewhat doubtful," answered Fechter, "for I really do not intend to be King." "No, but I intend to be Emperor." And their next meeting was in the Tuilleries. Where would he appoint his next meeting could Napoleon see Fechter now? John S. Dwight gives one of his beautiful essays on Music as a means of Culture, full of the poetry and philosophy of song; not so of its religion, as it might have been, and would have been had the graceful author been at Hamilton last week. Lowell gives more of the deadly lively memorials of a Virginian in New England thirty-four years ago. Worcester is spoken of as a pretty town of four to five or six thousand inhabitants. One incident illustrates that age. Jefferson's bronze statue is set up in the Rotunda. A Southerner said it ought to be tossed out of the capitol, "for," said he, "it makes old Tom a negro." That would be quite in its favor to-day. Isaac Hill, Calhoun, Marshall, and others, are described. Longfellow has a handful of translations, sad and sweet. Somebody gives an interview with Benton, in which we are told that Clayton took off his clothes and went to bed at two o'clock in the afternoon. That was better than going to bed without taking off the clothes at two o'clock in the morning, as too many of his fellow-members were accustomed to do.

The Galaxy undertakes to show that Patrick Henry wasn't much of a speaker, that he never took part in the debates of his State, though he was delegate two years, that he used low dialect, and worse than all, that he was a sort of traitor. Mr. Pollard should find a grain of praise in this last defect, if he so mercilessly and logically destroys the myth of the oratory of the "forest-born Demosthenes." Dr. Draper learnedly describes milk, not the milkman's but the cow's. Dr. Keatings still shows up the present horrors of the Inquisition, "whose necessity," he declares, "is now an article of Roman Catholic faith;" and Mr. McCarthy begins "Lady Judith," a tale of two countries, in which the Americans are a little stronger than is quite natural. Mark Twain describes his difficulty between writing an article on Political Economy, and letting a man cover his house with lightning rods. It applies to other interruptions of men in the midst of their business. He has other amusing hits.

Harper's describes the Pacific end of the North Pacific road, with pictures to match, illustrates peach gathering and Frederick the Great, and is full of stories and more valuable stuff.

Appletons has a beautiful steel engraving of Ossipee Lake and Cannon Mountain with a "heap" of other pictures, and a bigger heap of pieces of every sort and size. It is a very meaty magazine, worth far more than its costs.

The Sabbath at Home commences with Wickliffe, describes Tholuck, and has a good collection of family and Christian reading.

Good Health gives Sir J. Y. Simpson the chief credit of applying chloroform, talks wisely on preventing diseases, which doctors did not attempt before the beginning of the last century, and where it thinks they will yet find their largest success. It talks on ice, ventilating sick rooms, and many other wise things in a wise manner.

The People's Magazine pictures with pen and pencil the Grith meadow where the Swiss planned and really won their freedom, tells the life of Luther, talks wisely of physical forces, describes Archbishop Leighton, and has other good papers.

Blackwood has a satire on American society and religion, that is full of truth and falsehood; truth in the possibilities and fact of such characters and conduct, falsehood in suggesting that it is the general American law. Lecky's "History of Morals" is reviewed. Its stories are more numerous than usual.

Scribner & Co. are to reconstruct *Hours at Home*, and call it *Scribner's Monthly*. J. G. Holland is to edit it. It will be a live and handsome affair.

The Ladies Repository talks of Richter, portrays Dr. Luther Lee in portrait, and with the pen of Rev. J. H. McCarthy, giving him deserved credit for his anti-slavery career, but too carefully omitting the name of the real leader in that movement, Orange Scott. He is seventy years old next November, and is still an acceptable preacher, holding a good appointment at Ypsilanti, Michigan. "Among the Alps," by Rev. W. Ninde, is well written and well illustrated. Mrs. Willing writes well on "The Sabbath." Other articles are good, and the pictures excellent.

The Riverside has a story from Andersen, with a large lot of stories, poems, and pictures.

Our Young Folks for September is a rich number, both in material and illustration. Among the rest is a pleasing sketch by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

GENEALOGICAL.

THE PRESCOTT MEMORIAL; OR A GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE PRESCOTT FAMILIES IN AMERICA, in two parts, by William Prescott, M. D., member of the Massachusetts Medical Society; member of the American Medical Association, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and of the New Hampshire Historical Society; honorary member of the American Statistical Association, and of the Minnesota Historical Society; corresponding member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, etc., etc. Boston: printed by Henry W. Dutton & Son. 1870. 8vo. pp. xiv. and 653.

For upwards of thirty years, Dr. Prescott, of Concord, N. H., whose name is familiar to our readers, and especially to most of New England Methodists, has been engaged, as a literary avocation, upon the work which he has now so successfully brought before the public.

The volume contains the names, and considerable of the individual history of the descendants of John Prescott, who came to Massachusetts in 1640, and of James Prescott, known to have been a resident of Hampton, N. H., as early as 1665, all descendants of James of Standish, Lancaster Co., England, tempo Elizabeth. The Prescott family is a prolific one, and is scattered throughout the United States; yet the compiler has succeeded in bringing together the record of 9,044 of the family.

No one can open these pages without seeing abundant evidence of thorough and patient investigation, strong determination, and industry on the part of the compiler. But the work is something more than a mere compilation of names and dates. It begins with a résumé of the history of the Puritan movement from England into Holland, and afterward to America; and the rest of the introduction is taken up with chapters on the origin and meaning of names and surnames, in which much valuable and to some extent original matter is brought into a brief compass; with an exceedingly valuable table or vocabulary of roots, and a key to the sources of surnames, etc. So far, this Genealogy takes the lead of the several hundred genealogies published, at least in the respects just cited.

One of the most valuable features of the book is the matter relating to those of the family who have served in the various wars, colonial, provincial, and national.

Dr. Prescott knows better than most men how essential, to any book is a good index, and hence he has not forgotten that part of his work, and gives us an index of names, alone, covering about 80 pages. This index forms a perfect key to the book.

The volume is well arranged, and printed in good, clear type, and on strong paper, and is handsomely bound. It is illustrated with several steel plate engraved portraits, among which are the portraits of the Doctor himself; of his son, William C. Prescott, esq.; of William H. Prescott, the historian; of Jeremiah Prescott, the well known and efficient Superintendent of the Boston & Maine Railroad; of Nathan B. Prescott, of Jamaica Plain, to whom we are indebted daily for so much comfort in the way of ice.

It is an honorable thing for any man to love his kindred, to cherish their virtues, and to preserve their names and deeds from oblivion. The family owe Dr. Prescott a debt of gratitude which the mere payment of the subscription price of this book can never discharge. But whether they manifest it or not, he will have the satisfaction of having crowned his eighty-second year with the conclusion of a gigantic undertaking.

PAMPHLETS.

The Oration of D. T. Kilgore, esq., before the Wilbraham Alumni, has been published by Hurd & Houghton. It is a very brisk and forcible discourse on the Questions of the Day. It denounces the tyrannies of caste and capital, puts ably the argument for woman's equality with man at the ballot and in law, pleads for prohibition, and declares every raiser of the tobacco weed now in the Connecticut valley, ought to be banished to Alaska; a rather hard punishment for lots of good people. Its defect is its failure to recognize Christ as the Be-all and End-all of religion and life, though it puts the human fruits of Christianity very neatly. It is an honor to himself and his Alma.

MUSIC.

Philip Phillips' "Singing Annual" is a novelty in the musical line—sixty-four pages, beautifully illustrated, in four different grades of sacred song, namely: Spring, for the infant class, lively and instructive; Summer, for the youthful, sparkling and pure; Autumn, for teachers and workers, active and spiritual; Winter, for adults and parents, devotional and earnest. Every song in this charming book is a gem never before published. Price, 20 cents each; \$15 per 100. Phillips' "Hallowed Songs," a handy little pocket volume of over 300 pages, contains all the favorite prayer, camp and class-meeting, and Sunday-school hymns. Of all Mr. Phillips' books, this is his pet, and deservedly so. It is published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, and may be had at any of our Book Depositories.

New Publications Received.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	PUBLISHERS.	FOR SALE BY.
The New Timothy, Baker,	Harpers,	A. Williams.
S. S. Record, Eggleston,	Adams & Co.	
The War between the States, Stephens,	Nat. Pub. Soc.	
Princes of Art, Hard Scribble,	Low & Shepard.	
Rear and Forbear, Optic,	"	
The Galaxy, Harper's Magazine,	Sheldon & Co.	Crosby & Darnell.
London Quarterly,	Harpers,	"
Nursery,	J. L. Shorey.	
Appletons' Journal,	Appleton & Co.	
Composition and Rhetoric, Hart,	Harvard.	
Good Health,	A. Moore.	
Sabbath at Home,	Am. Tract Soc.	
Atlantic Monthly,	Fields & Co.	
Our Young Folks,	"	

THE HERALD.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.

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OUR ORIENTAL MISSIONS.*

Mortmain, or the Dead Hand, is usually considered an evil-sign. Here, it is significant of good. We look on these pages, and think of the clear and handsome manuscript, written out by that dead hand, and the small, spare, half-sickly form and features of the departed Bishop come back with that countenance full of grace and truth, an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. These pages all passed from under that eye and hand. His smile, subtle and quiet, beamed over their happy passages with a half-condemned satisfaction. His heart beat warmly at these powerful passages; his soul yearned immeasurably over their sad pictures of Oriental misery and loss.

The work is thus a photograph, in the best shape, of the author, a picture of his soul and mind that matches the engraved frontispiece with superior beauty. It is the diary of his journey over lands seldom visited in connection, and under circumstances which have been duplicated only once, and that by a brother Bishop who fled up with joy the same shining way, to see and meet his Lord, with hardly a week's interval in the departure. It is, therefore, a unique work, and, with Bishop Kingsley's Letters, will stand for a long while the peculiar memorials of a peculiar journey.

He starts from New York, but speedily lands us at Suez, paints the torrid trip down the Red Sea, and lands us, in a dozen pages, at Calcutta, where the work really begins. His first acquaintance here is with the sect of which Baboo Chunder Sen is the present much talked of representative. He met one of its leaders, and attended its service. He saw that it was at once a fruit of the Christian work, and yet not a Christian work; a thing that would never have happened but for the preliminary influences of the Gospel, yet itself without the direct power and principles of the Gospel. It opposes idolatry, but does not exalt Christ as the Divine Saviour; it will prepare the way of the Lord, though not itself the way. "The meeting," he says, "produced mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, hope and fear."

Ceylon is richly described, with its wonderful trees, full of fragrance and color. We only fear that America will annex it, and then proceed to cut down all its magnificent forests for firewood and house slabs, as she has the superb woods of Maine, Ohio, and Michigan. May the British long preserve Ceylon from her fatal presence. Our missions and their field are thoroughly portrayed, and his address at the organization of the India Conference is given—an appropriate introduction to that great act. Full of happy incident, happily told, is this portion of his work. "At Bareilly, I said to a native lawyer, 'You are the most polite people in the world.' 'We are obliged to be,' he replied; 'we are a conquered people.'" He seems to have caught all the philosophies and religions of these peoples on the end of his pen, as a knightly warrior caught his enemies' trophies on the end of his lance. He transcribes them here in a most compact and valuable shape. Now, when the air is full of Pantheism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, it is well to have so keen an explorer visit the homes of these heresies, and bring both their doctrines and fruits before every eye. Mr. Alger can here find the practical results of the worship of his favorite Buddh. Mr. Higginson, who said in Tremont Temple, last May, that Mohammedanism was

superior to Christianity, can here find how that degenerates into the grossest idolatry, as it is always accompanied by the grossest immorality:—

"Mohammedans seem to ignore immorality of thought. Mandever Imlai says, 'If one alone commits faults equal to all sinners, yet he shall be pardoned through the blessings of the doctrine of unity.' The Hades or traditions, the chief guide of the Mussulmans, confound moral distinctions. Take the following: There was a holy man who did nothing but righteousness, and a bad one who did nothing but sin. When the latter committed an enormity, the former said to him, 'God will punish thee.' He replied, 'Leave that to God and me.' At that moment dying, they came to the judgment. God said to the holy man, 'Can I save this sinner?' He answered, 'Thou art almighty.' To this God replied, 'Well;' then turning to the bad man, he said, 'Enter heaven;' and to the good, 'Go thou to hell.'"

Mr. Emerson, the high priest of the god Pan, will find his education increased by seeing in these pages the workings out in society of a consistent Pantheism, which, with Emersonian faithfulness, "maintains that God's omnipotence excludes all other power, and His omnipresence all other existence. They deny the immutability of moral distinctions, attribute evil acts to the gods, and think the Fakirs may do as they will."

Over against these absurdities and abominations of unbelief, are set the experiences of Christians, the faithful and successful labors of missionaries, the wonderful works of God. Chunder Sen's abuse of missionaries is answered by these cool, straightforward, business figures. In China he rejoices, portraying its people and prospects with a calm but glowing pen. He likes their cake and tea love-feasts, which our sociables could well be turned into, their passion for study, their industry, adaptability, and capacity for virtue and faith. On his way home he was so sick that he expected to die, and reached Alexandria, as Bishop Kingsley did after him, more dead than alive. The latter did die; so would the former had he added the Palestine journey to the Oriental. Turning to the North, and avoiding the hardship of that Judean trip, he saved his life. He sums up the religious state of the heathen world with great force. Every Free-religionist, as well as every Christian, should read the closing chapters, "Pagan and Christian Civilization Contrasted," "Condition and Prospects of the Christian Church," "General Reflections on the Church," and "Decaying Condition of False Religions." The Book Concern should publish them as a tract for general distribution. How utterly debased are all other systems but Christ's, how incapable of elevating or being elevated, how steadily they are destroying both their believers and their best doctrines, is powerfully shown. How needed is Christianity, and how gloriously it is getting itself into position and power, are also described. Its imperfect faiths of the East are rejuvenated by the later and better expressions. We turn from the pleasant pages with sad eyes, sorrowing that we shall see his face no more. Yet we rejoice that he has left so good a heritage of sound wisdom and strong faith, in a style so symmetrical and sunny. May his style, sense, faith, and spirit be the possession of his Church, and all the Church, for generations following.

LINES AT AN ENTRANCE OF A WOOD.

THE LAST OF THEM.

(Notes Editorial.)

Awaking from our and your siesta, a week long, but none too long for the weather, turn your eyes from the woods themselves to

THE OUTLOOK.

Another of the attractions at the entrance of a wood, is the view the other way. Inside that grove, one view encircles you. It has no contrast. Here are outlook and inlook. One side of this oak is the cool forest, the other the warm field; there is Nature savage, here civilized. In the woods she seems herself; in the fields, man. That corn teaches Christianity. The religious amalgamationist and mediatorialist of our city—how far off that looks from here—would easily trace the vital links. He might even say corn is Christianity. It certainly is its offspring. So is that wheat-field just abandoned of its wheat, which has gone to the garner to take its second degree. So is the kitchen garden; so the parlor ditto of the flowers. They are the fruit of culture, which is the fruit of grace. The weeds are condemned because they are only naturalists; the esculents commended because they have accepted

a higher state, and allowed their nature to be born anew, and from above, taking a nature which makes them the support and companion of man. So should, so shall all nature be yet transmuted by Christian life, into a condition higher and happier than it could otherwise know. The outlook should especially include the orchard, which bends its broad back to its joyous burden, just over that fence, not three rods off. How different that Isachar from these wild trees! Never a bit do these load themselves. A few nuts and acorns come out, if they so please, on their indifferent boughs, but no weight do they carry. The orchard is loaded with life. No bugs have spoiled its blossoms, few worms its fruit. It carries its gracious burdens in a most motherly manner, and deposits them tenderly now on the grass, and next October in the hands of careful pickers, ripe, and round, and racy. Like as these apple-trees among these trees of the wood, so is our Beloved among the sons of men, bearing heavy burdens they bear not, giving life and delight to all who will partake of His divine refreshment.

THE LOWEST WORLD OF LIFE.

It would not do to stop these lines with the insects unsung. True, they sing themselves, as do those larger insects that flutter and whistle in the tree-tops. The humbler ones play over us, or around us, singing at their work, and making merriment even of murder. The ant this sluggard has come to, considers its ways, but we fear is none the wiser. It works very busily, and does not go in for an eight-hour law. It is the Chinese of the insect race. There goes a father-long-legs over our arm. How he strides—how his delicate toes at the end of his very indelicately long legs, touch and go! The best of journalists cannot surpass him in that gift. The black cricket pulls at a pile of truck a good deal bigger than he is, dancing along the blades of grass like an Adams Express horse with his easily carried wagon-load. The pettier beasts torment some, but "tis their nature to." They don't mean harm. They have a mission, even that mosquito; what it is, some folks seem not to know. Some say it is to give birth to the flying worms in the water that keeps it pure. It probably is to try the faith and patience of the saints. Since martyrdom went out of fashion, which even an infallible Pope cannot restore, the mosquito has become the inquisitor general. He puts us on the rack, he picks us with his pincers, kindles fires all over our bodies, devours us with beasts, and makes himself useful in the trial of grace. How many improve under his manipulations? How many do not the rather fall from grace, as they slap, and snarl, and gnash on him with their teeth! The insects, a writer in the last *Putnam's* says, have never been domesticated. No man hath ever tamed them. The bee, the only professed subject, is still a savage. Suppose some one tries his hand on the mosquito. Let him be made to toy playfully like a kitten; not to speak, like a perfect (ly spoiled) boy, until he is spoken to; never to scratch or bite except when ordered; always to sing, when asked, like a fashionable pianist; and then only, which said pianist doesn't do very much; in fine, to become the learned and lovely mosquito, and parent of innumerable such. Try it, dreamer of dreams.

BIGGER INSECTS.

Our lines end with the birds. Hear them now singing their noon hymns, scattered and sparse. Hear them at sunrise (I don't), as they flood the woods with a torrent of melody. Hear them at nightfall, when they sing themselves rapturously to sleep. The owl, the mother of them all, step-mother they seem to think, as they fly from her with terror undisguised, watching their couch with sleepless eyes, bird of wisdom that it is, sitting up all night, and sleeping all the day. The birds delight in these woods, as well they may, for here no huntsman harms, and only the owl devours.

The entrance is entered. We leave the grassy root of the oak, and follow into the greener recesses that quail. Hear his twofold notes of staccato harmony; what maestro could do it as well? "Bob White," they call him, or when he strikes three, "good buckwheat;" or that whippoorwill, the only Will that ever owns he's poor, or begs for a flogging. What know we here of the great commotion across the seas? The French horns, that most warlike of sounds, except the warwhoop, never thrust their piercing notes into this grove.

* OUR ORIENTAL MISSIONS, by Edward Thomson, late Bishop of the M. E. Church. Two Vols., duodecimo. Hiltchcock & Walden.

The splashing blood that runs from many a throat and side, never reddens this floor. Here is peace. When will man be equal to the lowliest nature? When will he "cease to do evil," and learn to do well? Bismarck and Napoleon may fight for the crown of Europe, and Bismarck beat Napoleon all about its towns, or *vice versa*; *n'importe*. No sound of theirs

"This green silence doth displace."

"Rumors of unsuccessful or successful war" invade not its sacred asylum.

COBBETT'S OAK.

A fiction this, but a fiction founded on fact. Two things this haunt of birds rejoices in, a great oak, and memories of not small men. The oak stands a half a mile above the tree where the above lines were written. Pass through the woods, not so cool as one might wish, yet not so hot as one might fancy, and across a short cleared space, on its northern side you see a primitive tree, which is itself a forest primeval. Dr. "Bull Run" Russell said he was invited, when in America, to visit several especial trees, but found nothing in them noticeable to English eyes. Even those eyes might have been slightly opened before this tree, especially as it bore the true oak blood in its haughty veins. It is so perfect as to be apparently faultless. A trunk without a flaw or blotch, nearly twenty feet round, it stands some ten or fifteen feet high. From the top of this living pillar, solid almost as rock, rise a dozen shafts, branching in every direction, but chiefly with only slight inclination from the trunk line. Out of these like shoots issue, so that the broad tree towers and spreads in a perfect hemisphere. Two hundred and forty feet is the circumference of its outer line, twenty of its trunk, eighty its diameter. It seems to be gotten up with mathematical precision. Such an oak on Boston Common, or the Central or a London Park, or Windsor Forest, would draw crowds of admirers. It stands out here, back from the railroad and the county road, on a farm that no one ever visits, to look on its matchless beauty. With the elm of Avon should be placed the oak of Hyde Park. Both are English names transported to New York. Both are American trees, that would delight all England were they transported thither.

But this oak has not lived unnoticed. Across its field to the west, on the other side of the road, is a place once occupied by William Cobbett. A splendid park of a score and more of acres, thick filled with primeval trees, contains a comely residence on the spot where the exiled Cobbett used to hold political banquets. Openings are made in the forest in several directions, allowing the occupants through their loopholes of retreat to see the world without. Doubtless that sturdy fighter strode often to this tree, and revived more than free Sherwood and tyrannous Windsor, under its grand shadows.

BURR'S BENCH.

From the bench where we sit, having left the entrance of a wood for the entrance of a house, it is not unlikely another famous man of that generation rose to wander through these upper woods, and visit the gigantic oak. For this house was frequented by Aaron Burr. Its owner, Mr. Griswold, a keen lawyer of that age, was intimate with that greatest of American politicians, and the handsome, clever, and unprincipled colonel stayed not unfrequently at the house just across the walk. On this old green bench, under these thick-set trees, he may have sat,—it looks old and dilapidated enough,—sipping, and smoking, and plotting,—for that busy brain never ceased the last work. What bright and ugly things he said about Jefferson and Hamilton, and Washington and Adams! How he cut them up with cold sarcasm, and sought to cut them out with colder treason! Did he and Cobbett meet? If so, what had they in common? Infidelity? Great oak can tell, if not this bench. Some day man will decipher the palimpsests so thickly printed on the book of nature, and out of those leaves and these plants will get, as from mummies and Assyrian stones, much forgotten history. "The beam shall cry out of the wall, and the stone out of the timber shall answer it." The oak in Sumner Chase shall tell the story given to its care, and that on Mr. Wiggin's farm shall be equally loquacious. What chemist will bring these pictures from their negatives? The real lives of great men will

then be written, and their greatness descend to a deserved littleness.

If not brought out from these oaks and benches, the voiceful wildernesses and woods of heaven, they will from that more subtle spirit life, memory and God, wherein they all are written, as in continuance they were fashioned. Great Oak and Green Bench may be called as witnesses of the words and deeds recorded above, that were done and said in their presence. God is the great Evoker of these sealed secrets. He will put a tongue in every object, and compel it to bring in evidence.

In such ancient and distinguished company, are we, as we stroll or sit in these woodlands. The geniuses of the past, good and evil, throng us, even the men of mark without genius, nay, with a genius of their own. Dr. Townsend, of sarsaparilla fame, sat on this bench, and called yon house his own. Burr, and Cobbett and Townsend, are its visitants or occupants. "Smart" men, "clever" men, strong men they were. Let us be better men, and fill their sturdy purpose with highest aims. Cobbett did well for his country. He faced haughty wrongs in the name and for the benefit of the people. So may we those yet flourishing about us; wrongs he saw not, yet had he seen, would have bodily assailed; the wrong of rum, of irreligion, of false religion, of degraded and impoverished lives, of ignorance, of lust of wealth, of many an evil still potent. Burr did much in the Revolution that was for the best, Cobbett much for England. Emulate their services, not their errors, and help make both America and England, and all the world also, as that that oak is, perfect after its kind, perfect after the ideal nature which man in Christ shall slowly but surely attain.

THE HAMILTON MEETING

was the most remarkable ever held in that place; some think, the most remarkable ever held in New England. The national meeting prepared the way for it, giving it time and strength. The preaching was direct, simple, massive. Some sermons were of great power; all were earnest efforts to save and sanctify. Christ was held up as the only Saviour. Never was there more sound doctrine set forth with stronger cries and tears. The ministry and membership had a mind to work. They lifted up the preacher on the waves of sympathy, prayer, and faith; they followed the preaching with corresponding persuasions, public and personal. The stand meetings, conducted by Bros. Mallalieu, Upham, and Gould, were seasons of remarkable power. From fifty to a hundred seekers were presented for prayers at almost every invitation, and not less than three hundred were converted, while many hundreds received an unusual baptism of the Holy Spirit. The last evening was after the same manner. Two thousand, at least, still remained on the ground. Bro. Dorchester gave an earnest, practical address, full of sound wisdom and discretion, on "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." Bro. Sherman, the Presiding Elder, whose management everybody commended, read appropriate verses of Scripture, the ministers repeating them in concert, and the singers and congregation joining in corresponding verses of song. Some of these were unusually happy. "He brought me up also out of the horrible pit, and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock,"—was responded to by the great congregation singing, "Rock of Ages;" "Let brotherly love continue," by "Blest be the tie that binds;" "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," by "I am not ashamed to own my Lord, or to defend His cause;" "Go home to thy house, and tell thy people what great things the Lord hath done for thee," by "I love to tell the story;" "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God," by "Forever here my rest shall be;" and "In my Father's house are many mansions," by "Sweet Home." It was a very happy thought of the Presiding Elder, very happily executed. The congregation walked around the camp, shaking hands and singing, and the night wore into the morning, before the last of the happy company slept in Jesus. To some outside, and critical, these scenes may seem overheated; to the participants, they were conscious experiences of the Divine presence.

"Heaven, as at some festival,
Threw open wide the gates of her high palace hall,"

and a great multitude enjoyed its sacred blessedness. As a brother from the South remarked, "God was preparing the way by this, and like meetings, to make New England confess the divinity of Jesus Christ." No hymn raised such a shout of song, as "All hail the power of Jesus' name." It is so all over the land. Everywhere the hosts of God salute their banner, and are uniting in heart and tongue for the glorious war.

The meeting was not afraid to speak its mind on the duty of the hour in this State. Rev. Messrs. Clarke Haven, and Pliny Wood were appointed a Committee by the preachers to prepare an appeal to the people on Temperance. Dr. Clarke read the brief address, which was heartily adopted by the rising vote of almost the entire congregation. Bro. Collyer followed with a prayer of great fervency and power. We hope every one will read and heed these urgent words:—

"We, ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, assembled at our annual camp-meeting in Hamilton, hereby declare in the fear of God, and with prayerful reference to our responsibilities as Christian citizens, that we greatly deplore the passage of a bill by our Legislature, giving freedom to the sale of fermented liquor, and great license to the traffic in distilled spirits. We behold its sad effects already in the multiplication of dram-shops, increasing intoxication, misery, and crime.

"We urge all our fellow-citizens, who love their country, to strive, so far as they can, to stop this ruin. We implore them to pray our God and Saviour to prevent the further victory of the rum power.

"We urge them to vote down all license in their several towns and cities. We call upon all political parties, as they fear God and love right government, to put Prohibition into their platforms, believing, as we most religiously do, that it is indispensable to the removal of this fiery curse that is blasting the most sacred interests of human society; we implore them to pause ere they ignore this safeguard against the most terrific evil that now imperils the nation, and most solemnly weigh their responsibilities before God and the people.

"We earnestly request all our ministers to preach on that subject, and all our people to so pray and vote, that this greatest scourge of the land, and sin against God, speedily come to a perpetual end.

"We earnestly request all our pastors and Sunday-school superintendents to organize juvenile temperance societies, and diligently instruct the youth that Temperance is a cardinal virtue of the Christian religion."

THE BEER TOWN-MEETING.—Possibly there are few occasions in which a citizen's vote will be of more importance than at the town-meeting of Tuesday, Sept. 6. There are doubts as to the direct value of a victory won over beer at that time; but if we count it zero, it still leaves the meeting a most important one. The legalized sale of beer will be a stigma on a place to which many a beer-drinker would not willingly submit. Popular indignation can do little against a legally existing nuisance, wherever it be located; nor will a secret beer-hole be the nuisance that an open, flaunting one would.

Let a count be demanded in every town, and the result recorded and reported. The real sentiment of the voters of Massachusetts on this beer question, is very much mistaken by somebody. It is highly important that it should be brought out by a full vote on both sides. The men whose votes against beer-shops shall be counted, recorded, and reported, will constitute a procession, invisible, indeed, to human eye, but one whose number will tell for good or evil on the future legislation of Massachusetts. And to the All-seeing, that procession will be as if, in heat and dust, it had toiled that day through the streets of Boston, in order to please Him, and make a demonstration in favor of Temperance.

The question of the legal ale-house, and that of ale-drinking, are not to be confounded for a moment. An institution that has kept the working-classes of England in poverty and degradation, cannot spread itself in Massachusetts without similar results, even if it should not harbor the secret sale of stronger intoxicants. Let us vote it down.

DES PLAINS CAMP-MEETING.

(Correspondence.)

The sixth National Camp-meeting closed on Thursday night, the 18th inst. It was, in many respects, the most powerful meeting yet held. The National Committee went West with many misgivings. The facts show that their fears were well founded. Perhaps in no part of the country were there stronger prejudices against this movement than in the Northwest. The very men who signed the request for the meeting, confessed that they regretted it, and only wished

that there was some way to honorably back out of it. The preachers were very generally opposed to it, while a few prayed it might be a success; yet even these had their fears.

The ministers in Chicago freely discussed the subject, and resolved that it was inexpedient to hold such a meeting. With these influences to oppose, the meeting was commenced.

There was a large representation of ministers from different States of the Northwest. Nearly all our leading ministers were present.

It was very soon evident that the spirit of the movement was unlike what had been anticipated. There was no slandering the Church, no "pitching in" to ministers, no harsh words, no sour looks, no, nothing but earnest, melting, Christian love. This spirit soon won all hearts. As the tide arose, the ministers began to express their gratitude to God, that the meeting had come West. Dr. Banister remarked that it was no effort for him to unite in such a movement as this. His heart was in it. Dr. Raymond remarked, that he believed if there was anything true and good and reliable, it was to be found here; that there was not much difference between this and heaven, and that he wanted it more than anything on earth.

Dr. Fowler was among the most earnest seekers of full salvation, and we have no doubt entered into the experience. In fact, there was scarcely a leading minister in the Northwest, of our Church, who were not in perfect sympathy with the movement. The ministers of the Rock River Conference, — the Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota uniting, — gave expression of their approval of the meeting, in most cordial and complimentary resolutions.

As the immediate results of the meeting at Des Plaines, there were not less than three hundred conversions; one thousand, including many ministers, sanctified wholly, and prejudice against the doctrine of holiness, as held by our Church, very largely removed.

What the remote results may be, we cannot tell. But we are sure that these newly anointed messengers of salvation, with a holy membership to sustain them, will make a successful attack on the kingdom of Satan, in that live land beyond the lakes.

The National Camp-meeting Association, not wishing to neglect their churches, concluded to devote the usual time allowed them for a summer vacation, to holding camp-meetings. They have spent thirty days in the wilderness, in earnest labor for the kingdom of God; and the result of that labor has been, the conversion of 500 sinners, the anointing of 700 ministers with power from on high, and the entire sanctification, a renewal of not less than 2,000 church members.

The members of the Association are none the worse in health or spirits for the labor. They are as fresh for labor as though they had spent the same time in social amusements, or seeking rest in excessive recreations.

Many and urgent invitations are coming from all parts of the country, and none more urgent than from those parts where the meetings have been held. What the future will be, or what will be done in the future, no one seems to know. The Association meets on the third Wednesday of October, in Philadelphia, to determine as to their future work.

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY. — A meeting of the Directors of the American Peace Society was held in the rooms, 26 Bromfield Street, on Thursday afternoon last, for the purpose of expressing an opinion on the war between France and Prussia. The meeting was called to order soon after 2 o'clock by William C. Brown, esq. Hon. Amasa Walker was chosen Chairman, and William C. Brown, Secretary. Letters were read from some prominent gentlemen on the subject of a Peace Congress and the general disarmament of nations, and the address of the London Peace Society to the English people was adopted, and, with a few verbal alterations, will be issued as the joint address of both Societies.

Resolutions were offered and carried, expressive of the opinion of the Society in regard to the cruelty, injustice, and causelessness of the present war, and earnestly requesting the President to employ his good offices and all the influences of a friendly nation to bring about, if possible, a speedy reconciliation. Speeches were made by Hon. Alpheus Crosby, Mr. Hubbard of Ohio, Mr. Richards, President of the Massachusetts Peace Society, Mr. Walcott, the Treasurer, Mr. Lord, and Rev. Mr. Eastman. Among other measures proposed, was the disarmament and disbanding of all standing armies, beginning with our own by way of example, a consummation devoutly to be wished, if only on the score of taxation.

BOSTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1870-71.

The twenty-fourth annual session of the Boston Theological Seminary will open in the new building, No. 36 Bromfield Street, on Wednesday, Sept. 14. All applicants for admission are desired to present themselves at the opening religious services in the chapel, at 9 o'clock A. M.

The Board of Instruction for the coming year includes, either as professors, lecturers, or special instructors, the following distinguished divines and educators: John W. Lindsey, D. D., James E. Latimer, D. D., William F. Warren, D. D., Luther T. Townsend, M. A., David Patten, D. D., Charles W. Bennett, M. A., President E. O. Haven, D. D., LL. D., Bishop E. S. Jones, D. D., Joseph P. Thompson, D. D., LL. D., William Butler, D. D., Erastus Wentworth, D. D., J. F.

Kraus, Ph. D., Dr. Eben Tourjee, and Prof. Thomas F. Leonard.

Besides all the branches usually taught in theological institutions, the Seminary offers instruction in Theological Encyclopedia and Methodology, all branches of Missionary Science, Music, German, Arabic, Rabbinical Hebrew, Samaritan, etc. It affords the student free access to the largest and best Public Library and Reading Room in America. Situated in the heart of Boston, within twenty feet of Music Hall, it secures constant opportunities to see and hear the best public speakers of the country, and to become acquainted with all the moral and religious movements of the day.

For admission to the regular Triennial Course a full collegiate education or its equivalent is required. A Quadrennial Course, however, is provided for those who are unable to obtain a collegiate preparation. A student thoroughly prepared to enter college, can complete this in three years. A Triennial Missionary Course has also been arranged for the benefit of those contemplating service in the foreign field.

Tuition in all regular courses, free. Libraries and reading rooms, free. New, furnished rooms, free. Board only \$2.50 per week. \$200 covers all necessary expenses for a year. Indigent young men are frequently aided by Education Societies or interested friends.

Applications for rooms the coming session, should be made at once. All letters should be directed, not as heretofore, to Pinckney Street, but to the new building, No. 36 Bromfield Street. For further information, application may be made to

WILLIAM F. WARREN,

Boston Theological Seminary, No. 36 Bromfield Street. Aug. 11, 1870.

The Annual Circular of the Vermont Conference Seminary and Female College, at Seminary Hill, Montpelier, Vermont, for the Academic Year, 1870-71, shows the following able Faculty: — Rev. Charles W. Wilder, A. M., Principal, Mental, Moral and Natural Science; George Gary Bush, A. M., Latin and Greek; David A. French, Vocal and Instrumental Music; Charles E. Davis, Plain and Ornamental Penmanship; Agnes R. Walker, Preceptress, English Literature and Botany; Mary A. Pomeroy, French and Book-keeping; Amelia A. Felton, Ornamental Department; Merial A. Whipple, Common English.

It is to be regretted that Prof. Chester has been compelled to resign by reason of ill health; but Prof. Wilder is a scholarly man who deserves success in his important field. Let all Vermont help their school.

The Church South is getting hoisted with its own petard. Its last General Conference accepted Bledsoe's Review as its quarterly organ. The Review has been largely political. The question whether or not it should remain so naturally came up. It has produced no little excitement among them. But they are getting tired of professions to say nothing on politics, when they are saying much and mean to continue in that way. So they wish him to keep on in the old way. Thus he writes: —

"I did not agree, as the readers of my former letter are aware, to exclude all politics and political philosophy from the *Southwestern Review*. In taking this stand, I did it in the belief that it would be approved by the great body of the Methodist Church South, as well as by the great body of the Southern people. I was not mistaken in this belief. If I could have entertained any doubt on this subject at the time, it would have been removed by what has since taken place; that is, by the letters which I have since received from all parts of the South, and from the great leading men of the Methodist Church. Judging from these numerous letters, (and there is not one dissenting voice), the testimony is absolutely overwhelming that the Southern Methodist Church still enthusiastically desires to see the truth of history vindicated in the pages of the *Southwestern Review*."

A. T. BLEDSOE.

The Church, that refused to allow even a resolution on Temperance to be voted on, because that was meddling with politics, to support a Review that should have politics as one of its chief aims, is in a rather tight place. Its papers feel it. They had better get rid of the humbug of non-political professions, and speak what they believe on all great questions of morals and religion. They will thank Dr. Bledsoe for ridding them of that foolish rubbish. After they have talked political error awhile, they will begin to learn and preach political truth.

The saddest sight in our Church is the crimination and recrimination of our journals in New York. Charges of falsehood, and worse even, fly freely from each to each. It is an old sore aggravated by late unhappy events. These events have been generally treated calmly and good-naturedly everywhere else. We wish they could be there. A correspondent writes us that the religious life in our churches in that city is at a low ebb, and charges it to these hard words. They are not necessary. Brethren can differ without such epithets. May they soon and sweetly all agree.

The *New York Observer* lately said some very unjust and untrue words concerning the dependent positions of the General Conference journals, which the *New York Advocate* very properly repels. It proudly points to its former editors as men who never crouched or were enslaved, and as properly declares the greater dependence of the so-called independent journals, which are owned by independents who compel their editors almost always to do their bidding. The independence of the General Conference papers was never more clearly seen than in the late and present debates in our Church. On the question of Lay Delegation, they were divided according to the views of their editors. On the unhappy debate over the Book Concern difficulties they are equally apart. Three

of them defend the findings of the majority; the other five take the neutral position of *THE HERALD*, and declare that it is not their province, in the present unsettled state of the affair, to give a positive opinion. So does all our non-Conference press, with a single exception. The *N. Y. Advocate* may therefore justly complain of the severe charges of partisanship launched at the General Conference press by *The Observer*. It is not, and never was true. There are defects in that system, and it may be wisely modified. But that it breeds slavishness is not true. It may breed partisanship, but that is unconscious, and of very opposite types in the same period. Men will be men wherever placed, and no Methodist minister when serving the Church as its editor, any more than in any other capacity, is apt to make himself into a slave. *The Observer* should retract its accusation.

Dr. Wiley's Essay on the future of Methodism, which created such applause in the Ohio State Convention, is published in full in the *Western Advocate*. It is an able resumé of our history, position and prospects. It claims for the Church no more than it deserves and will accomplish. In connection with the other Churches of Christ, she will control the education and politics, as well as piety and faith of the land. Unless she does, education and politics will plunge into the bottomless pit. Efforts are put forth now to push Christ from the headship of the college and the party. They may succeed for a season, as they have in previous times; but only to the demoralization of party and school. Christ must rule in this land, will rule, shall rule in all its departments and in all its influences. Great papers and parties may ignore or expel them, but it will only be to their corruption and destruction. Dr. Wiley is right in his bold declarations. Let the word fly along the line — "The Church to the rescue of souls and the nation."

We call especial attention to the article of Mr. Baylies on Legal Subscription Papers. It is of great importance to know what makes such a paper correct and sure in law. Every religious paper would do well to publish it, and every minister and trustee to carefully study it.

The Sterling Camp-meeting adopted the appeal of the Hamilton Camp-meeting, on Temperance and Prohibition by a rising vote of a great audience, only one voting in the negative. It will receive like indorsement everywhere.

While dining at the leading restaurant in this city, not long since, we saw not a bottle of spirits on a single table and only one tumbler of ale or cider carried by a waiter. Hundreds of gentlemen dine here daily. It shows how utterly needless it is for the State to allow liquor to be furnished with food. Not one man in a thousand drinks at his own table at home, not one in a thousand needs to have it supplied him at his hotel or restaurant. It is perfectly easy for Major Jones to stop this whole business at every hotel in this city. If he will not do it, somebody will.

ASBURY LIFE INSURANCE CO. — The office of this company has been recently removed to Room No. 1, "WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING," Bromfield Street, and is very tastefully and conveniently furnished and arranged for the transaction of business. No Life Insurance Company stands on any better foundation than the Asbury. It is managed with skill and economy, and its officers are worthy the unlimited confidence of the whole community. Some features in its system of business, particularly the "Partnership Plan," are particularly advantageous to policy holders, and at the same time avoid all speculative, or inflated, and therefore insecure schemes. To make suitable provision for members of the family is a Christian duty, and Life Insurance has provided one of the very best means to that end. No better mode of aiding Benevolent Institutions has been devised than a Life Endowment Policy. For either or both these objects we cordially recommend our friends to avail themselves of the "Asbury," and the community at large will find that although one of the many blessings Methodism confers upon the world, it is not confined in its work to a sectarian circle only. I. Augustus Siles, esq., is still the New England manager, and Judge W. F. Smith is now General Agent for Boston and vicinity. Rev. Thomas Scott has just taken the General Agency for Essex and Middlesex Counties.

NOTES.

"They have men firing cannon in the fields near Paris, to bring on rain." France has men in Prussia firing cannon to prevent reign in Spain.

All history teaches this one great fact, that Patience is the Sceptre of Success.

The *Boston Journal* has sold its stock in the *Fulton Ferry*.

Boston is likely to break its "Neck" over the bad sewerage of Back Bay.

Andy Johnson has been invited to go to Rome and perfect himself in the art of infallibility. The Pope proposes to let him have his own way every other time.

Fifty thousand copies of "Lothair" have been sold in this country. Appletons gave \$3,000 for it. Some think they should pay him more. They probably will. They, however, gave \$7,000 for "The Man who Laughs," a more powerful book, but which did not pay its cost. On the basis of equity, they should be refunded for their loss on the last work; if they should increase their pay for the first.

No better commentary of the war has been made than one from a little English boy of five years, who lived in Paris and heard the cries of the Parisians. "Mamma," said the child, "the people outside cry, *Vive la Guerre*; but that is a *betise* because *guerre* means killing, and *vive* means living. How can you say, 'Live Death'?" Is it out of the mouth of this "babe and suckling," that the catastrophe of the twentieth century is foreshadowed?

The *Atlanta Advocate* talks admirably against the policy of pushing our colored brethren overboard. In answer to *The Northern*, which, while protesting that it has no colorphobia, talks as if the majority of these brethren preferred a separate organization, and should have it, it says:—

"At least hundreds of thousands of the colored people desire to form a part of the old John Wesley Church—the original Methodist Episcopal Church, without a tail to its name, having their separate societies, circuits, districts, and in some cases Conferences. This is what they want, and what the old Mother Church gladly gives them."

The ease and height to which fancy and eloquence rise in powerful religious meetings was happily illustrated in the Bromfield Street tent at Hamilton, when a lay brother, praying quietly and in an ordinary style, suddenly rose into this vein: "The trees praise Thee, O God; the beasts in the field, the birds in the air, the fish in the sea, and the reptiles that creep upon the earth; the tiny millions in the crystal drop raise their heads and praise the Lord." No poet ever exceeded that word of Christian vision.

The garment that Satan never lets go out of fashion,— "the Cloak of Covetousness."

The priest in his confessional box has his ear boxed by many a foul confession. Is not that a foul blow on the ear?

PERSONAL.

Thomas Hughes, M. P., and author of "Tom Brown," is in Boston on a brief visit. He is the guest of James Russell Lowell, at Cambridge, and it is expected he will give the people of Boston an opportunity of seeing and hearing him. We hope he may. He is one of the few Englishmen that Americans may well delight to honor.

Rev. Mr. Wendell, whose conversion from Materialism we noticed lately, is doing excellent service against the error he has so long and so ably advocated. He is preaching powerfully against it in the various camp-meetings of the Adventists. He was a power among them when with them. We trust he will be a yet greater power in bringing them out of their errors into all the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

Carlos Pierce, esq., died at Stanstead, Canada, the 19th ult., of congestion of the brain. He was only forty years of age, and was well known in this city and elsewhere, as a man of great business ability and liberality. He fell, as so many fall nowadays, a victim of over-work. The race of life is getting to be a race that kills the more successful runners, even more than the less successful. Hasten slowly, is as good a motto for individuals as for nations.

Rev. Charles Noble, on the cars from Hamilton, speaking to three ministers, two of them sons of ministers, said: "This one was my Sunday-school scholar when he was twelve years old, and brought me almost daily gifts from his mother's table. The second was the son of the brother who married him, and with whom he travelled his first circuit; the third was the son of his eldest and most intimate ministerial companion." Not often would a minister find such a coincidence in a car.

Rev. Dr. Newman has done good service in visiting Salt Lake City, and beating the Polygamist Mormons on their own soil, and with their own weapons. He preached three hours in the Methodist Church, and held a series of discussions with Orson Pratt in the Mormon Temple. He utterly refuted the base fellows, showing how entirely the Bible sets itself against this crime, even when committed by those believers who, in the darkness of the times and universality of the practice, were, like some Christian slaveholders of the South, and rum-drinkers and rum-sellers of New England, before the agitation begun, excusable for their sin. The Doctor should now go to Chicago or Connecticut, and rake open the anti-Scriptural sin of Divorce, or come to Boston and show up free religion, or go to Oneida and denounce their beastly commerce, worse than Mormonism. There is plenty of this work yet to be done.

Mrs. VAN COTT. — We still chronicle the success of this remarkable Evangelist. The following notes are concerning her:—

Mrs. Van Cott is not prostrated with sickness at Greenfield as reported, but has been prostrate at the feet of Jesus pleading for the conversion of sinners, and for which she is having good success. Many are nightly bowing at the altar of prayer and pleading for mercy, which the Master always hears and sets the prisoners free. Backsliders are being reclaimed, and the Church is putting on her armor, for all which we praise God.

Over fifty heads of families were converted during the labors of Mrs. Van Cott among us in Shelburne Falls. 138 persons joined the Methodist Church on probation, 80 the Baptist Church, and from 10 to 20 the Congregational Church. The third Sabbath in July, Mrs. Van Cott baptized 33 adults and 4 infants. Among the 33 were some whole families; one, husband, wife, and five children. She is expected to attend the camp-meeting at Hatfield, Springfield District. The several charges on the District where

she has labored, will be glad to learn of the fact. It is to be hoped a union and praise meeting will be held in City Hall, Springfield, before she leaves for the West.

Bayard Taylor thus describes Brigham Young and his quarters in *The Tribune*:—

"I was ushered into a handsome, well-furnished room, divided by a wooden screen from a dim back-office. The floor was carpeted, a circular table, with a great globe of gold-fish, was in the centre, sofas and chairs were on either side, and the walls were covered with pictures—portraits of Joseph and Hiram Smith, Alpine landscapes, and a chromolith of Bierstedt's 'Sunshine and Shadow,' which the artist had sent to Brigham Young. We took seats upon one of the sofas, while two or three strangers—apparently Mormons from the country—waited on the opposite ones."

"In a few minutes Brigham Young came out from his office. At the first glance you would take him to be a successful bank or railroad President, and his quick, straight-forward, business-like manner carries out the impression. After he is seated, however, and you have a chance of observing his features more closely, the signs of a quality with which Bank Presidents are not accustomed to deal, begin to manifest themselves. He is both short and broad, but his thickness gives the impression of strength, rather than corpulence. Although sixty-nine years old, there is no grey in his sandy hair, and his small blue eyes are keen and full of power. His head is large and approaching to squareness in its form, and his complexion is a strong, healthy red. His thin, firm-set mouth and large jaws express indomitable energy. The general expression of his face is at once resolute and watchful."

The Methodist Church.

Will our ministerial and other brethren, please send us any items of religious interest in their churches. They will be gratefully acknowledged. Each can help us keep these columns full of fresh local knowledge. You alone can inform us respecting the points of Christian interest in your own church and neighborhood. Please send them as soon as they occur. We do not confine this request to any one section, but shall be happy to receive information from any part of the country, and from any section of the Church.

STERLING CAMP-MEETING.

Pretty much the only inconvenience to which the patrons of this camp-meeting have been subjected this year, has been that arising from the stifling cloud of dust, occasioned by the protracted drought. It seems to your correspondent that the camp-meeting Committee were guilty of a singular oversight, or neglect of duty, in not making provision for having the grounds, at least inside the circle of tents, daily thoroughly sprinkled.

On his arrival upon the premises, the old and accustomed visitor here is pleased to note several much needed and important improvements—such, for example, as the construction of a walk from the depot to the encampment, several neat and commodious cottages, a new and tasty "office" for the brethren and gentlemen of the camp-meeting Committee, etc.

The first sermon of the camp-meeting proper was preached on Tuesday morning, by Rev. Porter M. Vinton, of Hubbardston, on "Christ the mighty Saviour." According to the unanimous testimony of both ministers and laymen, this was a discourse of a great deal more than ordinary excellence and power. This was followed in the afternoon by a sermon on "Ye are my witnesses," by Rev. Mr. Knowles, of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Lowell. Plain and practical, clear, crisp, incisive and direct, both in style and thought, this sermon could not well have been improved or excelled. About as remarkable in some respects as any preaching that will be likely to illustrate the annals of this camp-meeting, was the sermon on Tuesday evening, by a Rev. Mr. Smith (colored), of the city of Worcester. His text was, "Keep thy heart with all diligence," which he illustrated variously, and with a very happy effect. While, especially, as he was enlarging upon "keeping the heart, as the navigator keeps his vessel," he was bringing his ship, full-rigged, up before the wind, until at length, with every inch of canvas spread, and pennants streaming gayly in the wind, he had her standing away, and fairly humming o'er the sea, the effect was fine indeed. The preaching on this first day of the feast was unusually excellent—alas, too good to last!

The first sermon, on Wednesday morning, was preached by Rev. Dr. A. Webster, of South Carolina: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth." From these words of Paul he deduced very naturally the following propositions: 1. The efficacy of the Gospel is from heaven—it is "the power of God." 2. Its success in any individual case depends altogether upon the free volitions of man—"unto every one that believeth."

In the afternoon of this day, Rev. A. McKeown, of Worcester, preached a strong and impressive sermon on "Influence." The best comment on the character of this discourse was its results—nearly all the mourners' seats being promptly filled by seekers as soon as it was concluded, and the general interest rising almost, if not quite, up to fever heat. In the evening, Rev. Mr. Clark, a Presiding Elder of the N. H. Conference, and a thorough-going camp-meeting man, preached on "She hath done what she could," a practical and rousing old-fashioned Methodist sermon. This was followed by a rambling, but by no means altogether uninteresting talk from that well-known octogenarian preacher, Father Jennison.

Then came the order, "To your tents, O Israel!" And soon shouts, and songs, and prayers were heard resounding from our quarter. Not yet may the probable results of this campaign be very confidently estimated, but the prospect is very fair. May God crown the efforts of His people with success—not only indeed answering their fervent prayers for rain upon a dry and thirsty land, but moreover, and especially for showers of blessing from clouds of mercy upon a famishing and wasted race.

Even those who are most indifferent in regard to camp-meetings, must admit, 1st, That not a few persons are converted at the same who thereafter remain constant, and become substantial pillars in the Church. 2. That they are an

expression of life and power—of militant and aggressive power on the part of the Church—that must assuredly be refreshing to all who are tempted to lament the decline of the Church in this respect; and, 3. That they are a grand and most significant witness to the power of the invisible world—the best possible available argument against the rampant materialism of the age.

The masses, unprecedentedly large this year, have thus far been very orderly; and, indeed, the conduct of the camp-meeting every way reflects great credit upon the gentlemen of the Committee, and especially upon the Presiding Elder, Rev. L. Crowell, to whose tact and wisdom much of this success is preeminently due.

R. H. H.

CHICAGO.

Six missionaries have recently been ordained in Chicago for the work in China. *The Westerner* thus describes the interesting services: "In Centenary Church, Monroe Street, Chicago, on the evening of the 18th, six persons were ordained to the missionary work in China, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They were Nathan J. Plumb, of the North Ohio Conference; Rev. Franklin Ohlinger and Rev. John Ing, of the Central German Conference; Rev. Henry H. Hill, of the Michigan Conference; Rev. L. W. Pilcher and Rev. George R. Davis, of the Detroit Conference. After a voluntary, Rev. E. H. Pilcher, D. D., father of one of the missionaries, gave out the hymn,—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing!"

After which Dr. Reid, of the *Northwestern*, read from the 60th chapter of Isaiah, and prayer was offered by Dr. Hitchcock and Rev. Ransom Hawley, D. D., father-in-law of Mr. Ing.

Dr. Harris, Missionary Secretary, next gave a brief statement concerning the work in China. Up to three years ago the operations of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church were restricted to the province of Foochow. In 1867 a mission was established by two missionaries at Ku Kiang, one of whom was now in this country on sick leave. In 1868 Messrs. Wheeler and Lowrie were sent from Foochow to Peking. All these missions were then under Dr. Maclay. Last year, however, the work was reconstructed by Bishop Kingsley, and three distinct missions were made. The Society last year made provision for sending one more man to Ku Kiang, but Bishop Kingsley strongly argued the sending of more, and the General Conference finally decided to send six—two to each mission—making five at Peking, and four at Ku Kiang. Chicago had changed its geographical relations, and was midway between New York and Foochow, and hence they were here to have the Bishop set them aside to this special work, and send them on their way.

Each of the candidates for ordination now followed with his personal experience in regard to the call to the foreign work: four of the number, Messrs. Plumb, Ohlinger, Hill, and Pilcher, referred to Bishop Kingsley's Letters as one of the great determining causes. Mr. Davis, who goes to Peking, said a conversation with Bishop Thomson had influenced him to give himself up to the work in China. He had felt at one time that his health was not sufficient, but he trusted in Christ that he might be spared to do something for Him.

A hymn being sung the missionaries came forward and stood up before Bishop Clark, who was assisted by Rev. J. S. Smart, Rev. C. H. Fowler, Rev. L. L. Knox, Rev. W. C. Dandy, and Rev. D. P. Kidder. The missionaries were first ordained deacons with the exception of Mr. Davis, who held that office, and then they were all ordained elders according to the Disciplinary forms.

The large church was completely filled, and the services throughout were deeply interesting and at times most affecting.

CHURCH EXTENSION ITEMS.

Sometime ago the Sunday-school at Geddes, N. Y., contributed \$50 to the cause of Church Extension, to be used in procuring a church for the freedmen in the Rome Circuit, Georgia Conference. The money was placed in the hands of Dr. Fuller, of Atlanta, the Presiding Elder of the District, who applied it, and reports to the Corresponding Secretary as follows:—

"We have used the money in the purchase of a church, four miles from Cave Spring, Ga. The lot is a little over one acre, and the house is a good frame 24x36, with glass windows (that is extra fine for this country) and a fire-place. Most of the churches here are without fires, and so on cold days they have no service. We always arrange for fires, and thus are able to have service at all times. This house will be improved, and will be worth over \$300 in a short time. We have been greatly troubled in getting a deed, but have it all right on the record at last. This gives us one of the best neighborhoods of colored people I have met in all the South. They own a large tract of land, and are buying more."

"A good school is now taught by a man from Pennsylvania, and we have also a fine Sunday-school. The society is prospering nicely. Fifty dollars have never been used to better advantage in Georgia."

An application for a loan of \$20 for one year, to aid another church, accompanied the foregoing report. In transmitting it Dr. Fuller says:—

"It may seem to you almost like trifling to ask a loan of \$20, but this case is peculiar and interesting. Father N—, eighty years of age, for more than fifty years a class leader, and a staunch Union man, donated ten acres, and for \$4 per acre, sold ten acres more, for a church and camp-ground. A good log church was soon built on the ground, which is being used almost every Sunday. Our members had literally nothing left after the war, and short crops have kept them in want ever since. Having nothing with which to pay for the land, the brethren gave a note and took a deed, which is all that is desired. Father N— is anxious to have the whole matter settled as soon as may be. It is important that this should be done during his life-time. This year the brethren are raising good crops, with which they can pay half the amount due, and they solicit the loan that they may have another year in which to pay the other half. With this loan they will save property worth at the least \$200, and increasing in value. The church and the land for camp-meeting purposes, are greatly needed, and with it our cause will succeed. On Sunday, July 31, we had an excellent meeting there. The church was crowded outside and in."

"Father N—— had a son, a noble young man, shot dead at his side by assassins, and he himself was threatened by enemies with hanging because he refused to take Confederate scrip for the fruits of his toil."

MASSACHUSETTS.

NORTHAMPTON.—S. E. B. of this beautiful town describes A PLEASANT CONTRAST.

Some fifty years ago a messenger rode through the streets of Northampton, on a certain Saturday, announcing that there would be preaching the next afternoon on the cemetery green.

Rev. John Luckey, the preacher, was a Methodist. This, in those days of prejudice and bigotry, was sufficient to exclude him from every pulpit. Denominational lines were bars of iron, unimportant points of doctrinal belief were barriers too powerful for Christian love to remove, and a preacher of this despised sect must seek a temple not made with hands, if he desired to set forth God's truth as he understood it. On Sunday, drawn by curiosity or by reverence, a large audience assembled at the appointed place. Just as the hour arrived when many began to think themselves hoaxed, Mr. Luckey drove up, and from the "horse-block" delivered a pointed, impressive, powerful sermon, rarely excelled, says our informant, by any of our modern preachers.

This was before Methodism had any footing in Northampton. In 1840 a church with seven (7) members was organized, and has steadily increased in strength and power, till now, when it has 176 communicants. Its present pastor, Rev. J. S. Whedon, (son of the commentator), has admitted on profession of faith, since January last, fifty-two (52) persons.

A new bell, costing over five hundred dollars, has just been produced, and the church is a recognized power in the town, the pastor receiving cordial and loving sympathy from his ministerial brethren of other denominations, in beautiful and striking contrast to fifty years ago.

The world does move, and the time is coming when the bands of loving and large-hearted charity will bind the Church universal into a brotherhood of sweet and loving union. God speed the day.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

On Tuesday the 16th inst., a goodly number of the preachers on Dover District, were found en route for the Isle of Shoals, for a Preachers' Meeting. The idea of holding such a meeting there was unique, as certainly the place is for such a purpose. But we went and did it, and had one of the most interesting and pleasing gatherings of the year, for which we are very largely indebted to the worthy pastor of the place, Bro. W. Hewes, and his genial companion.

We arrived at the island about midday, and, after enjoying the hospitalities of the place, had a very interesting afternoon session.

In the evening a general service was held in their neat little stone chapel, to which the pastor had previously invited all the people, — consisting of 17 families and sundry visitors at the hotels, — many of whom were present.

Rev. G. P. Wilson, of Lawrence, made one of his happiest speeches to the children; after which earnest addresses were made to the audience by Bros. D. C. Knowles of Lowell, and H. Montgomery of Seabrook. Another session was held Wednesday A. M., which closed the meeting, the boat returning at 2.30, P. M.

Some of the objects of interest on this little island are the old cemetery, where are buried, with many others, two former pastors, Rev. John Tucker, A. M., and Rev. Josiah Stephens (of the former we gather from the slab above his grave, that he graduated at Harvard in 1725, was ordained at Isle of Shoals, 1732, and died here 1778, aged 72 years); the neat little burying place of Bro. G. Beebe, of this Conference, who laid three of his little ones among these rocks in the months of May and June, 1865; the monument of Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas notoriety, reared to his memory as discoverer of these islands, which, by the way, was a great affair; the rocky seat from which old ocean seized the person of a young lady a few years since, when we visited it, 40 or 50 feet above the water; together with rugged and romantic cliffs, gorges, and headlands, or rather head rocks, for not much land is here.

The pleasure and health seeking public are well provided for, there being four hotels on the island; two of them new and spacious. The Gosport House, O. S. Caswell, proprietor, is a strictly temperance house, and a place where Christian people may go and pleasantly spend a few days of relaxation at reasonable rates. It is a pleasant summer resort, of increasing popularity and worthy of patronage. Star Island, on which the town of Gosport is situated, has many attractions above Appledore, which is without inhabitants except at the hotel, and has fewer objects of interest, and less romantic rambles.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—Num. xiv. 21.

INDIA.—The mission among the Teluguos of India is very successful. Our Baptist friends are doing a great work among that people. The *Missionary Magazine* contains a letter from Mrs. Clough, a most devoted missionary, from which we extract the following:—

"The first Sabbath of this month we had another precious ingathering to the church here. After a thorough examination of the twenty or more

candidates present for the baptism, fifty-seven were accepted, and in the evening immersed in our baptism. A goodly number of Christians also were present. Considering the distance which nearly all of them live from Ongole, the number should be called large, and yet once or twice before the number has been larger. After the baptism, between two and three hundred of us were permitted to partake of the Supper of our Lord together. We all feel, as we look back upon the year now nearly closed, that we have special reasons for thanksgiving and encouragement.

"Our work at no time presenting a discouraging aspect, becomes more and more promising of future glorious results. The work among the lower classes is constantly becoming deeper and wider, and extending to villages far away. But this is not all that we see that gives us hope. It is true that every general reform in religion has begun chiefly with the lower strata of society. And so it did here; but already we see signs here and there, that the upper strata are becoming permeated by the same influence that is at work below. The Gospel is not stopping at the door of the poor and lowly only, but is slowly and surely beginning to find its way into the hearts and homes of the high and influential."

THE MISSION FIELD.—Rev. S. F. Smith gives a most encouraging view of the great mission field in the *Chicago Standard*. He says:—

"Whoever surveys the entire field cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that in all lands there is audible a distinct and deepening note of preparation. Wherever this Gospel of the kingdom is preached, the trumpet of God seems to sound in advance. A voice like that which once said to Moses, 'Speak unto the people that they go forward,' seems to call upon the sacramental host, along the entire line, proclaiming new conflicts, calling for new efforts, and promising fresh victories. Europe and Asia, America and Africa, the continents and the islands, have heard the voice, and seem arming for the last battle. Never was such hopefulness attached to labor; never did such harvests wave in whiteness, the prolific results of a recent seed-time; never did the Lord Jesus so abundantly verify the word written by Mark—'The Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following.'

"If we turn our eyes to Europe, we see in France and Spain, in Italy, in the States of the Church, in Greece, in the Mediterranean isles, in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland, in Germany, Prussia, Austria, Poland, Hungary, Russia, and Turkey, God going forth to conquer, bless, and save. Religious formalism is losing its hold. The doctrine of the new birth, the true theory of Christian life, the power of Christian ordinances as instituted by the Lord Jesus, are working wonderful transformations among the people. The sleep of ages is disturbed. And under the preaching of apostolic men, going forth in the spirit of their Divine Master, the wilderness on every side blossoms as the rose."

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.—The last Annual Report of this Society has been received. It is an able and interesting document, of 121 pages. We gather from it the following:—

"The receipts for their financial year, closing April 1, 1870, amount to \$200,963.30, leaving the Treasuries in debt at the time \$19,036.45. The sources whence they derived their income were:—

From donations.....	\$100,640.97
From legacies.....	19,267.38
American and Foreign Bible Society.....	10,271.10
American Tract Society.....	600.00
From eighteen different funds.....	6,066.95
From the sale of certain properties.....	4,117.40

Total.....\$200,963.30

"The missions of the Union are 13. In the Asiatic missions are 20 stations where American missionaries reside, 228 out stations, and 319 churches. The number baptized the last year is 1,504, and the whole number of members in the churches is 17,496. Including those churches in Burmah, not immediately under the supervision of the Union, the number of members reaches more than 20,000. Number of American laborers connected with the Asiatic missions, 100, of whom 48 are males and 52 females. Of native assistants there are 475, and of this number 80 are ordained ministers of the Gospel.

"The tables of Missions in Europe and Africa furnish the following summary: 1,571 stations and out-stations, 311 churches, 382 preachers and co-laborers, and 3,096 baptisms, with a total membership of 26,964. Combining the statistics of the missions in Asia, Europe, and Africa, we have an aggregate of 1,919 stations and out-stations, 630 churches, 657 laborers of all classes, 4,600 baptisms, with 46,964 members—showing a gain over the previous year, as reported, of 169 stations and out-stations, 12 churches, 119 laborers, 1,069 baptisms, and 1,845 members."

CHINA.—Dr. Maclay writes encouragingly to our *Mission Rooms* at New York, of the work in China. Of Dr. McClin-tock, he writes: "How rapidly our strong men are passing away! Dr. McClin-tock's death seems to come very close to me. He was only eight years my senior, and while in college his youthful appearance and jubilant spirits made him seem to me as one of my own age. My turn must soon come, and yet I have no premonitions of the near approach of the last enemy—only as the air is filled with farewells of the dying."

A TRUE SON OF ROMANISM.—Many of our readers may remember the great conflagration in Chili, seven years ago, when two thousand women perished in the burning Church of the Campana, "though it is quite possible," says the *Christian World*, "the fanatical energumen of that dreadful occasion may, for most persons, have fallen into a merited oblivion. For a time he was silenced, and not permitted to speak in the Santiago churches. The Rev. John Ugarte, is his name, and recently he has come again to the surface, emerging from obscurity, but speaking as wildly and recklessly of truth, reason, fact, and sense as ever. One of the Santiago papers thus refers to his discourse on a late occasion in Lent:—

"Last night, this man preached in the church of St. Domingo, and he preached against the Protestants. In the heat of off-hand speaking, for Mr. Ugarte improvises his discourses, he said that Protestantism was making great progress in Spain, and it was to be noticed that while the Roman Catholic Spaniards were very friendly to the Chilians, the Protestant Spaniards were our enemies.

"And this, my sisters, is so sure," said he, "that here you have the proof in our war with Spain. Who named the Spanish squadron? Who commanded it?—Protestants! my sisters, heretics! dogs! that had denied the God of their fathers. What better proof would you wish?"

MISSIONARY CONCERT.—We fear that in many churches, the Missionary Concert is not held. Why is this? Is it not, in most instances, the neglect of the minister? We believe there are but few, if any, of our churches but would be willing that such a concert should be held once a month. It would do the churches good. Let the pastors prepare for the occasion—present some interesting missionary intelligence

—and it will be the most interesting social meeting for the month. We entreat all pastors to see that the missionary concert is held monthly. We know that in one of our churches where it had long been neglected, it is now the most interesting social meeting held.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

BAPTIST.

Quite a number of our churches are now without pastors. Among them are both the churches in Fall River, the churches in Ashland, in Medford, in South Canton, in Hyde Park, in Danversport, and two churches in Boston, Harvard St. and Bowdoin Square.—*Watchman*.

The Coliseum Baptist Church in New Orleans has refused the benefit of a horse-race to cancel its debt, though assured that the gate-fees would be sufficient to do it.

Two of the Baptist churches of Chicago, the First and Second, have each over 1,000 members.

The increase of the colored Baptist churches in Louisiana the past year has been 2,000 members, and twenty churches formed.

Rev. O. T. Walker has resigned his pastorate in Chicago, and we suppose he accepts the call to West Meriden.

A Baptist minister in the Strawberry Association, Virginia, has been serving a church as pastor forty seven years, during which time he has received but ten dollars compensation, or about twenty-two cents a year.

PRESBYTERIAN.

WANTED.—A MISSION.—General Synod, at its last session, in view of the fact that they had excised the Mission Presbytery of Saharanpur for avowed sympathy with George H. Stuart, appointed a committee to inquire into the history, condition, needs, and prospects of the mission to the South Seas, supported jointly by the R. P. Church of Scotland and the Presbyterian Church of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Should the result of the inquiry be satisfactory, it is proposed to transfer the Church's contributions from Northern India to this field. It may aid the committee in their researches to refer them to a report of this mission, which recently appeared in the Scottish R. P. Magazine, and in which the missionaries describe their "new Book of Praise" in the native language as containing not only excellent versions of the Psalms, but also translations of several standard English hymns.—*Eccegitist*.

The union of the two principal Presbyterian churches in the United States has led to the inauguration of a movement for a union of Presbyterians throughout the Canadas. The movement is yet incipient, but committees representing the two divisions in the Upper and Lower Canadas are to meet for conference, in October, at Montreal.

Rev. Mr. White, an Episcopal clergyman, lately of Newburyport, has been supplying the Presbyterian church there during the pastor's absence.

CONGREGATIONALIST.

The little church at Orfordville, Mass., determined not to die nor to ask help, called a good minister, whom they paid \$1,000 (double what they had ever before given), and soon experienced a powerful revival, which more than doubled the membership.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—"Rev. Messrs. Means of Roxbury, Hubbard, of Grantville, and Patrick, of Newton, who have been on a hunting and fishing trip to Schoodic Lake, Me., killed three bears the first day out, and captured large numbers of fish and small game, subsequently. They report "a splendid time" generally."—*Congregationalist*.

EPISCOPAL.

A new English church is to be erected at Rome, for the purpose, says *The Record*, "of keeping alive among the English visitors and residents in Rome the doctrines and practices of the Reformed Church of England."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Princess Alice, of England, is becoming very popular in her new home, by her energetic opposition to the Ultramontane tendencies of the Hessian Court, which is intensely Lutheran. She has frequent interviews with Herr Strauss, the celebrated author of the "Life of Jesus." He has just dedicated to her his last work on "Voltaire," which, he says, was written at her wish. He has read it to her chapter by chapter, and she has listened with friendly approval. A number of charitable establishments, from which all clerical influence is excluded, owe their existence to the Princess. Among them is a society for training sick-nurses. Her mother, Queen Victoria, strongly sympathizes with the Broad Church party, represented by Dean Stanley.

Our Social Meeting.

We have so large a number of vacation and other letters, that we give the meeting into their charge. It opens with—

A VISIT TO RIVERDALE.

Everybody ought to know about the prosperity of the Church in this charming seaside village. We can remember the time when hardly people enough attended church to warrant a sermon. And I have frequently heard the pastor say, on coming from the forenoon service, that he felt as though preaching to bare walls, the number was so small. However, the faithful few kept back the hand of retribution, as in the days of faithful Abraham; and through their prayers, aided by the untiring labors of their zealous young brother Hall, who came to them in 1868, God has visited them with gracious revivals, until the walls are too close for them, and the space too limited.

I had been absent about five years, when I was permitted to visit again the old church and find myself in the class-meeting. If heaven can be more gratifying or more intensely

soul-stirring than that evening was there, then the material must be laid aside before we could endure it.

There were the same old faithful soldiers of years ago, with their armor bright, some of them with gray hairs, some more vigorous as age increased. Their language showed that they had fought well, and knew the enemy's land for miles around. How confidently they spoke of the future, how lovingly of their Leader, and how certain of victory!

There were those who had dwelt long by the cold streams of Babylon, with their harps upon the willows, now tuning them anew, and shouting praises to Jesus. There were some who had always been silent—a kind of home guard, if such were needed in this warfare—now earnest in the fight, and pushing steadily to the front.

But what a host from the enemy's line! Young, strong, vigorous, zealous, untiring soldiers, who had forsaken the ranks of the enemy and enlisted for life under King Jesus! It is enough to bring shouts of applause even from the opposing force, to hear their resolves and determinations, and see their devotion to the glorious cause.

Listen to some of their testimonies: One went fishing with a crew of whom none except himself professed faith in Christ. All prepared to fish on Sunday, except himself, and heaped oaths and curses upon him for the course he took. "But," said he, "I know Jesus can keep me if I trust in Him."

Another said, "I came near missing this meeting, but I bless God that I am here to tell the story of the cross. They call it the 'old story,' but it seems to me that the more we tell it the newer it is."

Bro. Hall asked some of the young men to give a report from the Y. M. C. A. meeting, held the previous evening. One spoke of their good meeting, but regretted that all were not interested.

A young brother followed and said, "If the older members cannot come on account of the fatigue of the day, we can sustain the meetings. There are plenty of us if we only work. Let us keep the wheel moving. It won't take much effort if we keep it in motion; but if it stops, it's a big wheel, and will take a great deal of effort to start it again. If we can keep it moving, others, one by one, will join us, until we get them all. Let us keep on, trusting in Jesus."

And amid all these testimonies and many others which I cannot relate, the dew of grace was falling, and all felt it good to be there.

Bro. Hall's face shone as though he were talking with Jesus, and I doubt not, judging from his replies to each, that Jesus was talking with him.

Such a church is a power. May God bless it wonderfully. They sustain a Temperance organization, a Band of Hope, a Christian Association, and Bro. Hall can tell you what else, for I could remember no more. A. M.

A brother has a lively word on a—

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC.

Did you ever attend a Sabbath-school picnic? a real country affair—not one of your suburban luxuries, but a real country picnic, where nothing is heard of the hum and bustle of the universal "Hub," where there are no railway trains to disturb the harmony with their roar and scream, or to fill the air with dust and cinders; where people are not in a hurry to return to banking houses, stores, and country houses, or even editorial sanctuaries; but where the honest farmer, nature's nobleman, lays down his hoe and scythe, and dons his best attire, with pails and baskets, tubs and jars fairly groaning under their precious burdens of the good things of this life. Just imagine that you in your dusty office in the city can know nothing of its luxury; just imagine butter as yellow as the pure gold in our mines, for we have some rich and well-paying quartz up here; milk as pure as old Molly, the family cow, can give us, unadulterated with chalk and water; meats in all their freshness, and tables spread with the purest, whitest linen; and then the woods—you have groves, but we have Nature's amphitheatre, the vast woodland which in the spring-time yields thousands of pounds of the purest, sweetest sugar,—and you have the outlines of one of the most charming retreats found in northern New Hampshire, the residence and property of L. Locke, esq., of Lyman, who offered the premises for a Sabbath-school picnic in the town of Lyman, on the 4th of July.

Perhaps no society in our connection, has made in the same time, the advancement of this little church and society. There were assembled nearly one hundred children, under the management of the Hon. J. D. Miner, of Lyman, the energetic and devoted Superintendent, to commemorate the anniversary of our national independence, and to honor the means ordained of God to bless and save the rising generation. The children entered into the festivities with a zeal worthy of older heads, and favored the large assembly with songs, recitations, and declamations. Their robes of snowy whiteness, blended with the rich hues of our glorious flag and the still richer hues which nature spread out so lavishly at our feet, formed one of the most delightful pictures ever presented to our view, while Mr. Washington deigned to look upon us from his far distant home, as if proud to own the little church and Sabbath-school which had sprung up at his feet.

After devoutly worshipping and praising God in His leafy tabernacle, we returned to our homes to love and bless our Sabbath-school more than ever before. The pastor, Rev. A. B. Russell, and the superintendent, J. D. Miner, proved themselves well worthy the task so aptly committed to their hands. May the Lord bless and reward them here for labor faithfully done, and in glory crown them with eternal life.

Rev. V. A. Cooper is having a good time—
ON THE AROOSTOOK.

I saw it stated in a daily, a few days since, "When the devil takes a vacation, it will do for Christian ministers to leave their work for recreation." I thought, could it be known how many Christian pastors have, by zeal without knowledge, hurried themselves into untimely graves, there would be seen how great the advantage to the enemy, of acting upon the above idea. The tireless energy of our enemy we cannot cope with; he has worn out generations of us. Patience to fight him long, rather than lead to fight so furiously as to kill ourselves, is wisdom. So here we are three hundred miles from home in the forests of Maine, at the junction of the east and west branches of the Penobscot, far away from the care of our city parishes; here where the rush of the river, and the shadows of the forests, the distant blue of old Katahdin, and the social intercourse among ourselves, can calm the nerves and the mind until we hardly know ourselves. How the excitements have died within us! How the fog has lifted from the river we were on! How the dust has settled along the road where we have been! Even Christian experience needs rest with the minister, lest the ceaseless demand upon him compel him to draw on theory and imagination too much. Here we think for ourselves, not for some one else. Here we can calmly consider without interruption of the

moods and phases of our inner life, gather the scattered bits of past experiences passed over at the bedside, the grave-side, and all along the wayside of the years of our ministry, and thus more accurately know ourselves. And then nature, uncut by the plough, where the great forests only here and there have echoed to the woodman's axe, where great rivers are fordable streams, and all is primitive, and fresh, and fair, nature thus has a strange influence, coming from the heat and confusion of a great city. How little we feel, how reverential, at times; how like colts let loose at other times, and how like a mother's embrace in the carpeted hillside, and how near we seem to God! But we have not reached our journey's end. We rest here for a few days at "Nicoit," now "Medway," and then with birch canoe and gay bateau we shall penetrate the forests, to look upon the splendid lakes which lie around Katahdin, to try the salmon and the trout, the moose and the deer, and if possible, to capture old Bruin himself, whose tracks we see but a mile or so from our hotel. But two miles from here, in three holes, my friend Clark and myself have captured, in two expeditions, a hundred and seventy-two trout, weighing from a quarter of a pound to two pounds apiece, and before we return, we expect to be able to show to all interested parties, that there is something in the Maine woods beside horse manure and sawdust; that the Adirondacks and Murry's bank on the same are a humbug.

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for Zion's Herald, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of Zion's Herald.

HARVESTING POTATOES.—Nothing on this subject can be more to the point than the following, furnished *The Massachusetts Ploughman* last year, by our friend Alexander Hyde, who is good authority on all such matters. It is very important after the crop is raised, to know how to secure it, so as to get the best results:—

"A potato blessing is one of the greatest, and should not be marred as it often is in the harvesting. In the first place, some discrimination should be exercised as to the time of harvest. Digging must not commence till the tops have fully performed their functions and are pretty much dry. An unripe potato is as unpalatable as an unripe peach, and the process of maturing goes on in the tuber as long as the sap circulates in the leaves and stalks. The quantity of immature potatoes consumed in the country is immense. A professional gentleman recently asked us, 'What is the matter with potatoes? I have not eaten a ripe, meaty potato for a year. As we go around the country we are struck with the number of soggy, immature potatoes brought upon the table. This may be owing partly to ignorance of the proper mode of cooking, but the defect is in great measure due to premature digging. Potatoes keep on improving so long as the sap continues to circulate, and should never be dug till the tops are dead. The potatoes may not grow much after the seed and yellow leaf make its appearance, but they grow in goodness if not in size, and after the leaf fails to perform its functions, the sap continues to circulate in the stalk, and being eliminated there, descends to give vitality to the tubers. We have heard some farmers lay down the rule, that potatoes must be dug before the fall rains come on. It is certainly unwise to dig in wet weather, but the above rule is too sweeping. It is too much like some other general rules we have heard laid down, such as cows must be sent to pasture the first of May, or hops must be picked by the first of September. These times are too arbitrary. The seasons vary, and some discrimination must be exercised. Perhaps all potatoes should be planted so early that they will be mature before the autumnal equinox, but we have seen many fields that were not mature at that time, and we often have as good weather for digging in October as in September. Some varieties mature much earlier than others, and of course it will answer to dig these early; but for keeping through the winter, even the early varieties are better in the ground than in the cellar till the warm weather is past. We were recently in a cellar where the Early Rose lay scattered about on the floor, so that they might get perfectly dry and keep well, the owner said. We like a dry potato, but not one dried in the air or sun. The next point is, how shall we dig? Our fathers used the hoe and the potato hook. The Irish, who have carried potato cultivation to the greatest perfection, uniformly use the shovel. At first it seemed very awkward to us to dig in that manner, but more practice has convinced us that the shovel is far superior to the hoe or the hook. Fewer potatoes are cut and bruised, and the ground is left in good order. When the potato patch has been well dug over by the shovel, we consider the fine tilth it has received equal to a good ploughing and harrowing. An Irishman skilled in the business runs his long-handled shovel under a hill of potatoes, and using his knee for a fulcrum, throws the whole over, when he picks out the potatoes, throwing them back a foot or two, and breaks down the dirt with two or three thracks of his shovel, till the surface of the ground is as level as a house floor, and looks as if prepared for a crop of onions. Whatever the instrument used for digging, great care should be taken not to cut or bruise the potatoes. A cut potato we consider half spoiled, and a bruised one is not much better. We have learned to handle apples carefully, and know that a bruise causes decay, but it seems very difficult to impress on the minds of men and boys that potatoes are not as senseless as stones. They are tossed into the cart and rolled into the bin as though they were without life. Another principal in the harvesting of potatoes is to secure them from the influence of sun and air as soon as possible after they are dug. It is quite customary to dig till late in the afternoon and then pick up, leaving the potatoes in the mean time to dry in the sun. If the soil is so dry as readily to fall from the potatoes as soon as they are dug, (and we should dig at no other time,) the sooner they are picked up and put under shelter the better. They can be put in piles on the ground and covered over with the tops and a little earth, or better still, taken to a dark cool cellar and put into bins. If the cellar is as dry as all cellars should be, we cannot stop to put any boards at the bottom of the bin, and if there is no tendency to rot we care not how large the bin is. Not a rotten or defective potato should be put into the bin, for as one sinner destroyeth much good, so one rotten potato produceth much corruption. The best preventative of rot in the bin that we have ever tried, is fine air-slacked lime. A little of this scattered among the potatoes, destroys the fungous growth, which is always a concomitant of the rot. Even if the rot is not feared, a little dry lime scattered over the bin sweetens the air of the cellar, and tends to the health of the household. We cannot condemn too severely the practice of

putting potatoes on a barn floor, after they are dug, to let them wilt and dry. Scattering them over the cellar floor is bad enough, but putting them on a barn floor is too bad. The air and light will certainly convert some of the starch of the potatoes into sugar, and their virtues will vanish into thin air. Equally reprehensible is the practice of washing potatoes after they are dug. This abrades or injures more or less the skin, which is a cork-like substance, wisely designed to keep external moisture from the potato, and the internal juices from evaporation, and he that breaks or abrades it disturbs the economy of nature's laws."

LAYERING ROSES.—The soil must be well stirred about the roots of the plant, then select a strong and healthy shoot, strip off the leaves for a few inches and cut the stem in a slanting direction, just below an eye, so that the stem may be about half divided and the cut will be half an inch long. Press the shoot where it is cut into the ground, fastening it with a forked stick so that it will be held two or three inches below the surface, and cover it with earth. The Chinese, who are famous cultivators of roses, and, by the way, perhaps they will come into competition with our gardeners as well as with shoemakers,—perform this operation during August, and after cutting a slit as directed above, place a pebble in the cleft to keep it open, and tie a handful of fresh, green moss around the eye. The moss is kept constantly moist, and roots soon shoot forth into it, when the connection with the parent bush can be severed and the layer removed or potted at once without removing the moss. This method is said to be safer when the plant operated upon is a choice one. Care must be taken to keep the layer well watered until its roots are sufficiently advanced to draw moisture from the soil.

The Righteous Dead.

Bro. JOAB SNOW of West Sedgwick, Me., died May 23d, 1870, aged 48.

He joined the Baptist Church 32 years ago. He was deacon of that Church 13 years, and he would have remained in this office but the local church with which he was connected, then ceased to exist, leaving him outside of any church organization for four years. Still feeling it a duty and privilege to identify himself with the people of God whenever circumstances might favor it, he improved his first opportunity by joining the Methodist Episcopal Church three years since, that being the time when a Methodist class was first formed where he lived. In the Methodist Church he was chosen Trustee and Steward, and he was faithful in the discharge of all of his official duties.

He was suddenly taken from the labors of earth to the rest of heaven, his death being caused by an accident in a quarry where he was at work, after which he lived but four hours. Though death came so very suddenly, yet he was prepared and resigned to the last. But his family and friends were the more deeply afflicted by his being so unexpectedly separated from them, and they feel the need of the prayers of the Church. He was a good citizen, a noble temperance man, an earnest Christian, an ardent friend, an affectionate husband, and a kind father. Though he has left these mortal shores, yet his influence still lives with us. "The memory of the just is blessed." F. P. CALDWELL.

JAMES COFFIN, died in Sweden, Me., August 3d, 1870, aged 73 years.

Father Coffin for many years has been a worthy and faithful member of the M. E. Church, and has always been deeply interested in her prosperity and the salvation of souls, and her ministers have always been cared for and affectionately welcomed to his home and hospitality; and even in his last hours, with difficulty he made known to his dear family that he wished the privilege of bestowing one more favor and blessing on the servant of Christ and the Church, which we received from his dying hand. The scene was impressive, and affected all present to tears. Father Coffin leaves a companion and children and friends to feel and mourn his loss. All who knew him declare, "a good man has gone," and the Church feels she has lost a faithful and precious member. He died in great peace. "Ready when the Master shall appear." "Tis with the righteous well." A. H. WITHAM.

RACHEL DAY, wife of Abraham Day, died in Denmark, Me., Aug. 10th, aged 63 years. She died in peace, singing—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green."

A. H. W.

Died in Strong, Me., March 18th, Miss NANCY C. CLARK, aged 33 years.

A second time within the space of a few brief weeks, has the shadow of the death angel fallen on our family circle. Bro. George had just entered upon life in our "Father's house in which are many mansions," when Nancy was summoned to follow him. But the summons found her not unprepared. When [but a child, she gave her heart to Christ, and consecrated her life to His service. Her strong desire was to be useful. In order to a more complete preparation for such a life, she commenced a course of study, and soon entered our Female College with bright hopes; but ere the goal was reached, her health failed, and after several vain attempts to continue, she was forced to an abandonment of her long-cherished plans. Her life henceforth was to be one, not of activity in doing, but of patience in suffering, God's will.

Her quiet resignation to this Providence, nay, more, her Christian cheerfulness in suffering, illustrated to all her associates the wondrous buoyancy of the grace of God, the inestimable value of faith in Christ. Her dying hours, though full of bodily suffering, were also full of spiritual peace and triumph. The songs of Heaven fell on her enraptured ear while the conveying angels gathered around her, welcoming a sister from the pains of earth to the joys of Heaven. F. A. R.

Died in Boston, Mass., June 30, ESTHER D., wife of Rev. Amos Kidder, of the New Hampshire Conference.

Sister Kidder was a member of the M. E. Church thirty-eight years. Thirty-two years since she was united in marriage to Rev. A. Kidder. She has been deeply devoted to the interests of the Church in all the appointments they have filled, universally beloved by all, and ready to do and suffer what duty called without complaining. Her record is on high.

In the death of Sister Kidder, the Church has lost one of its most exemplary members, the community a true friend.

Mr. BRACY CURTIS, died in Skowhegan, Me., July 5, 1870, aged 71 years.

Bro. Curtis held his church-membership at Mercer, where he had resided previous to taking up his abode in this town. He was able by nature and culture to do much good, and the high estimation in which he was held by the several ministers of Mercer and his brethren, is seen in his appointment as class-leader for a long term of years. His sickness, which was peculiarly painful, he bore with Christian fortitude; and his faith in the atonement brought the benefits of the Saviour's death close to his soul, so that he died in peaceful and happy triumph; his last expressions were, "glory, glory," "treasure, treasure," and thus his happy spirit left earthly for heavenly scenes. From the fruit of a life of skillful industry, he leaves a competency to his beloved wife and children, who will reverse his memory, and we trust, remember the Church of which their father was an honored member. C. C. MASON.

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The Secular World.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

Several riots have occurred the past week in Fall River. Some thousands of mill hands had struck for higher pay, and assembling in large numbers around the mills, attacked all who attempted to go in or come out. State Constables, special police, and militia were called into requisition before the lawless demonstrations could be checked. The most numerous and noisy portion of the rioters were women of foreign birth.

Vice-Admiral Porter has been appointed Admiral, to fill the vacancy made by the death of Admiral Farragut.

Two large buildings were moved in Boston the past week, St. Stephen's Church, Hanover Street, and the Boylston Market. Both were successful. The latter was moved back eleven feet at a cost of \$2,700 per foot.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

There was a report during the week, that a great battle had been fought between Verdun and Chalons, and that the Prussians were completely routed. This turns out to be a hoax, so great battle having been fought since the 19th. The Prussians, however, are constantly advancing on Paris. Bazaine is still in Metz, and nobody seems to know where McMahon is. Metz, Strasbourg, Plalsbourg, and Toul are being besieged with great vigor, and they hold out with obstinate endurance. The region round about Metz has been inundated.

There was a severe artillery battle at Kehl and Strasbourg on Wednesday night, lasting until Thursday morning at five o'clock. A large part of the citadel and arsenal in Strasbourg were destroyed. Many fires occurred in the city on account of the vigorous bombardment. A French battery located at Marvion was captured without loss to the Prussians. The French fire has destroyed about twenty houses in Kehl.

A fourth army, under the Prince Royal of Saxony, is forming to cooperate with the third army in the movement on Paris.

It is reported that McMahon is trying to reach Bazaine by the way of Metz, Montmedy, and Thionville, but the Prussians have cut through Varennes and Dunmosey, and according to all probabilities, there will be an important action before long not far from Montmedy.

A Paris Journal, *Le Public*, says important information was received on the 26th, concerning the positions, numbers, and movements of the Germans. The corps of Prince Frederick Charles, and a portion of the king's army is undoubtedly marching on Paris, while General Steinmetz is left to hold Bazaine. The enemy may reach Paris within six days, should there be no change in their plans.

On the evening of the 26th, General Trochu, Governor of Paris, decreed that all individuals entirely devoid of means of subsistence, and whose presence contributes to endanger public order, and the security of person or property, or whose acts tend to impede the measures taken by the authorities for defense and general safety, are to be expelled from Paris. All infractions of the above order shall be defended before a military tribunal. A great many arrests were made, over twelve hundred, occasioned by the order of General Trochu. Two hundred persons were arrested in Faubourg Montmartre.

There are now 30,000 French prisoners of war in Germany.

Louis and — The Prince Imperial has been sent to Bethune. The Emperor remains with the army of McMahon.

NEWS NOTES.

—The man who attempted to assassinate Marshal McMahon has been tried, and was shot last week. —The bakeries in Paris were all visited by the authorities, in order to investigate whether they

had a supply of flour to last forty days, according to the average of daily sales. —Sixty thousand dollars have been received from French residents in the United States for the wounded, and a large sum from Constantinople. —The last company of French troops embarked at Civita Vecchia on Sunday the 21st. —The Jesuits still urge the Pope to withdraw from Rome, and establish himself at Malta. —The *Siecle*, contemplating the probability of the bombardment of Paris, urgently recommends the removal of pictures from the galleries of the Louvre, and the books from the Imperial library. —The German Uhlans are objects of prodigious terror in Paris. Their arrival is momentarily expected, and patrols are stationed everywhere in the vicinity to announce the event. —The Prussians use the railway from Luneville to a point near Strasbourg, to transport their wounded. McMahon and Bazaine are still in communication with Paris. —The success of the French loan no doubt has been greatly exaggerated. Paris is still apathetic. —It is certain that Prince Napoleon's mission in Italy has proved a failure. —The French Chambers have adopted a law providing that all able-bodied men between the ages of 20 and 35 years, be enrolled for military duty without liberty to procure substitutes. —Immense quantities of American-cured meats are shipped from Liverpool to France. —There is great activity in the British armies and navy yards. —It is rumored that British artillery has been ordered from Plymouth to Antwerp. —The Prussians are now reconnoitering in the vicinity of the Chateau Thierry, about fifty miles from Paris. —A fresh army of 180,000 old French soldiers is forming at Lyons, and 30,000 of a similar class are assembled near Paris. —Field Marshal Sir Alexander Woodford, governor of the Chelsea hospital, who served in the Peninsular war, died on the 26th, aged 83 years. —A letter from Berlin says the French in all their actions begin to fire so soon that they cause great slaughter before the Prussians are within charging distance. It is admitted that the French fight bravely, but it is asserted that the positions they leave would have been retained under the same circumstances if occupied by the Prussians.

THE WAR.

The New York Tribune furnishes by far the fullest and most reliable information from the seat of war, of any paper in the United States. We make the following excerpts from its correspondence.

PARIS IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

Seated at an open window on the Boulevards, I command a mile and a quarter of those excited thoroughfares, and by stepping out upon my balcony I can see the Madeleine on the one side and the Bastille Column on the other. It is a comprehensive view, and noise and crowding have been its characteristics ever since this morning. The "Marseillaise" from thousands of mouths, the heavy tramp of armed men, the stirring strains of military music, the clash of steel, the indescribable, busy hum which has so much behind it, the shouts of the drunken, the wails of the sad, and the threats of the irate, all surge up to me as I write, and make an amalgamation of strange sounds which must be heard to be understood. Which ever side I look the spectacle is the same. A throng of vehicles, footways crammed with pedestrians, every seat under the dusty leaves of the Boulevards trees occupied, every café overflowing, nearly every window with its medium of gazers. They come out to see a tree shaken by the wind. The Empire, men say, will follow the Ministry unless its fortunes turn, and a compensating victory is speedily announced. There is no lack of enthusiastic patriotism, so far as outspoken devotion to the country or readiness to die, and a pride in wearing a uniform go. The Garde Mobile, detachments of which have been passing all day, are proud of their vocation, and ready to fight. But it is the country they shout for, not the Emperor; and they are as sore at the Government's mistrust as they have been and are at its reticence. It is only the National Guard, and such of the regular army as is still in Paris, who are allowed arms. The others, the men and boys who are off to Chalons in all the glories of new uniforms are soldiers without weapons; they carry new ties for cooking, a huge loaf of coarse bread, and some of them the tricolor in their midst, with the brazen eagle surmounting its staff. But there is neither chapeau, bayonet, nor sword among them, and if it were not for their joyous singing and shouting they might be so many prisoners of war being marched through a hostile capital. It has come to this, that the French Government thinks it unsafe to let its defenders bear arms in Paris.

For the rest, many of the externals of Paris are unaltered by martial law. None of the shops are closed. Articles of useless luxury still woo the passer-by, and though, there being no customers, the chief occupation of the master and mistress tradesmen is to talk politics at their door, the beautiful city looks as fascinating in tears as smiles. But there is thunder in the air. Men in blue blouses assemble at street corners unchecked, and declaim to each other on the news or the comments one of their number reads aloud from the journals of the day. Peep into the half-open door of the barracks you pass, and hordes of men in uniform — National Guards chiefly — are seen to be massed behind it, and ready to turn out suddenly if called upon. The Legislative Chamber at noon to-day had a detachment of troops with fixed bayonets standing shoulder to shoulder around its palisades. Besides these, a strong body of Gendarmes and Sergents de Ville lined the wall stretching from the Pont de la Concorde down the bank of the Seine, and as the members of the Legislative Assembly drove up, each seemed guarded by the eye of authority until he disappeared into the Chamber. There were more men in blouses here, more grumbling, more angry looks.

WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK.

The air has been full of rumors these last days, and it has been not a little curious to hear what the common people have had to say. I talked with my charcoal woman, and found her mind made up that Marshal Leboeuf had sent plans of the French defenses and a large stock of useful information to the Prussians. In vain I came to the defense of the Marshal; he was a traitor, and not the only one either. I thought of the plebiscium, and of the Marshal's severity to the soldiers who showed opposition to the Marshal's master! The former Minister of War is now to know how it feels to have an iron hand come down on him. For his incapacity, his most culpable carelessness seems now universally believed in, and there will be no mercy shown him. Count Kératy's mission to bring the Marshal to the bar of the Chamber has failed for the present, but it is only because every one feels that this is not the time for it. But, the carelessness is shocking. I have already given you three instances of the way in which the troops are let go hungry. Here are two more. Yesterday, says the *Temps* of Thursday, a battalion of the 25th of the line which made a part of the troops set to guard the Chamber, entered its barracks at 9 o'clock at night, having eaten nothing since morning! The *Temps* adds, "Why should any one be astonished after hearing this that in the Army of the Rhine there are regiments which remained two days without eating?" Again, "We are assured that the 17th line, which left the Department of the Loire for Paris, arrived yesterday morning at 8 o'clock. It was stationed in the barracks of the Zouaves in the faubourg Ponceau. On starting the men received, each, 1 fr. 25 centimes and a loaf of bread. On reaching Paris there was nothing provided for them to eat, and they were ten hours without eating anything! Seeing that they were to get nothing they gave the guards the slip and went out to forage; of course they found people enough to give them food. Yesterday, in the cars, I heard a gentleman who had at his button-hole the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, declare that he had received a letter from his son who is at Chalons, which says that the men have no guns and go through their exercises with broom-sticks, and that when new men come they cry out: 'Here come more sheep for slaughter!'"

But it would be giving a wrong impression if I allowed you to think the people are as inefficient as the authorities. This is far from being the case. Never have I seen more courage, more devotion, more pure patriotism. There is something very elevating in this devotion of the whole population to their country. If this people had been well governed, if they had been educated politically, if they had leaders now, either in arms or in politics, they would make defeat impossible.

THE PRUSSIAN TROOPS.

The Prussians carry no tents, and when the men arrive at the end of their day's march they select the direct and most convenient piece of ground they can find, and set to work at once to bivouac. Some go for wood, which in this country — a very woody one — is not far to seek. Some go for water, while others unload the bread and bacon wagons. Others cut trenches for the fires to boil the soup for supper. This soup is the mainstay of the German as of the French, and, indeed, of most Continental armies. The Prussian troops I have watched make this soup very simply. Each man carries a kind of deep saucepan without a handle, which serves as kettle, water-bucket, and, in fact, generally makes itself useful. Into this pot is put pretty much whatever comes to hand, and a savory mess, at least for hungry men, is soon made. A few barrels of beer or of wine in the country where we are now can generally be obtained.

STRENGTH OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

The German forces in France have undergone a partial reorganization, and as reinforced and redistributed will go into battle in the following order: The First Army, under the command of Gen. Steinmetz, is composed of the First, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Prussian Army Corps, amounting in all to 100,000 infantry and 28,000 cavalry.

The Second Army, under the command of Prince Frederick Charles, composed of the Second, Third, Fourth, Tenth and Twelfth Prussian Army Corps, the Corps of the Prussian Guards, the Royal Saxons, and the Division of the Grand Duchy of Hesse. This is the strongest of the three armies. It contains 48 regiments of infantry, with three batteries each, and four regiments of infantry, with two batteries each; and 34 regiments of cavalry; aggregate in round numbers, 240,000 men and 600 guns.

The Third Army, commanded by the Crown Prince, is formed of two Bavarian army corps, under Gens. Tann and Hartmann, containing each eight regiments of infantry, five battalions of rifle-men and five regiments of cavalry; one mixed corps of Baden and Wurtemberg troops, commanded by Gen. Von Werder, and consisting of eight regiments of infantry, two battalions of rifle-men, four regiments of cavalry, and nine batteries of artillery, belonging to Wurtemberg, and six regiments of infantry belonging to Baden; also the Fifth and Eleventh Prussian Army Corps, containing sixteen infantry and sixteen cavalry regiments, and thirty batteries of artillery.

The grand total of the German forces in France is 520,000 men, divided into 16 army corps.

WHY THE PRUSSAINS WISHED TO PASS THE WOUNDED THROUGH BELGIUM.

I have the highest authority for contradicting the French statement that the Prussians had sought permission from the French to transport their wounded to and through Luxembourg. The French journals insist on this as an implied admission of defeat. What happened was this: The Prussian Government applied to know whether the English would consider the transport of the wounded through Luxembourg a violation of neutrality. The English Government asked the French whether they objected. The French replied, "Yes, because it opens Prussian railways for unrestricted transmission of troops and supplies." The Prussians rejoined: "Three-fifths of the wounded that we want to send are French; if you object, we must send to our own first. Military trains are not capable of being used for the wounded."

Mr. Gladstone favors the Prussian view; but Mr. Hammond, the Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, opposes it on technical grounds, and if the

French insist on their view nothing will be done, and the French wounded will have their own Government to thank for needlessly prolonging their sufferings.

[From The Spectator.]

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

"Louis has had his baptism of fire." — Emperor's telegram.

"How jolly, papa! how funny!
How the blue men tumble about!
Huzza! there's a fellow's head off —
How the pretty red blood spurts out!"

And look, what a jolly bonfire!
Wants nothing but colored light:
O papa! burn a lot of rifles,
And burn the next one at night."

"Yes, child, 'tis operative.
But don't forget, in your glee,
For your sake this play is playing, —
That you may be worthy me."

They baptised you in Jordan water, —
Baptised as a Christian, I mean;
But you are of the race of Caesar,
And thus have their baptisms been."

Baptised in true Caesar fashion,
Remember through all your years
That your foot was a burning city,
And your water its widow's tears."

GOSSIPGRAPHS.

—Hundreds of German families have been expelled from Paris, and many of these have just reached Cologne. Subscriptions have been opened for their relief in different parts of Germany.

—A young lady from the rural districts, went to Des Moines to see an elephant. In the street cars the conductor said to her: "Miss, your fare." "Well, if I am," she replied, "I don't want any more of your impertinence."

—The Crown Prince's army is moving back to support Steinmetz and Frederick Charles.

—The battle of Wednesday was fought at a point nine miles in the rear of the positions occupied by the Bavarian forces on Tuesday morning.

—The inhabitants of Chalons have received orders to get their grain away within 24 hours.

—Two Prussian vessels, laden with oil, have been captured recently in Grecian waters by French gunboats.

—A corps of fencibles is organizing in this city. It is to be 18,000 strong.

—Clergymen are attached to all Prussian divisions.

—The Paris journals notice as significant, that whereas Berlin was illuminated for what King William called the victories of the 14th and 16th, the bourse at Berlin fell two francs.

—A national loan is to be announced on Monday. The emission will commence on Tuesday at sixty francs.

—In the Corps Legislatif, a project authorizing private parties to manufacture arms was referred to a special committee.

—A French loan of one thousand million francs has been announced.

—There is some complaint on account of an order just issued, requiring all military telegrams to be securely enveloped.

—The various manufacturers of arms throughout France are working with extreme diligence. They send daily to the government large quantities of arms, the purpose being to equip all who wish to go to the front.

—The Seine Garde Mobile has returned from Chalons, and is now encamped at St. Maur Vincent.

—The town of Roerbach, between Saarguemines and Bitchie, has a garrison of 7,000 strong.

—Prince Frederick William is reported at Gaumont.

—Bismarck is at Pont-a-Mousson with the King of Prussia.

—Another seizure of arms was made here last night, and there are indications that a great conspiracy against the empire has been discovered.

—Strong bodies of troops belonging to McMahon's army are being pushed into the Vosges.

—The *Presse* says that General Trochu has removed the interdiction on the journals *Reveil*, *Rappel*, and *Clocke*.

—The trial of the rioters of the Boulevard De La Villette, commenced before a court martial.

—It is now reported that Prince Napoleon has gone to Italy on an important mission.

—General Bataille who was wounded at Gravelotte, is rapidly recovering.

—Large bodies of troops, in fine order, pass through Paris day and night for the front.

—The total amount of the debt reduction since General Grant's administration, has been \$185,000,000.

—Six tons of cheese and fifty barrels of pickles, were a couple of the items of supply for the recent reunion of Iowa soldiers at Des Moines.

—The first newspaper in Central Asia has just been issued in the city of Tashkend, in Turkistan. It is called the *Turkietanskaja Vjedomosti*.

THE WEBSTER FURNACE, manufactured by the DIGHTON FURNACE CO. is all that it is claimed to be. They are warranted, and many certificates showing their superiority have been received.

GREAT SALE OF AMERICAN ORGANS.—Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith, the enterprising manufacturers of American Organs, have just added another story to their large and very complete manufactory in Boston. This will enable them to turn out one hundred organs per week. During the late visit of Mr. Philip Phillips to England, he used, in his "Evenings of Song," in extended tours, these organs, and they were received with such favor that, as a result, a large sale in that direction has sprung up, and many orders from that country have been received, some of them calling for from twenty-five to fifty at a time. Over twenty-eight thousand have already been sold, and the demand for them is constantly increasing. We are informed that the proprietors are now behind their orders to the extent of over four hundred. Our own commendation of these organs will be remembered, and need not be repeated here.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate*, Aug. 4th. Sept. 1 18

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHEAT.—\$1.16 1/2 to 1.16 3/4. **Aug. 27, 1870.**
Flour.—Superfine, \$5.50 to 6.60; extra, \$6.50 to 7.25; Michigan, \$7.50 to 8.75; St. Louis, \$7.50 to 10.00. **NEW CORN.**—\$1.08 to 1.10; new mixed, \$1.04 to 1.08. **OATS.**—\$4 to 70c.
MEAT.—Timothy, Herd's Grass, \$7.50 to \$7.75; Red Top, \$3.75 per sack; R. I. Beef, \$2 to 2.50 per bushel; Clover, 16 to 18c. per lb.
APPLES.—Per barrel, \$3.00 to 5.00.
PORK.—\$3.00 to \$4.00; Lard, 17 1/2 to 18c.; Hams, 21 to 23c. per lb.
BUTTER.—30 to 35c. per lb.
CHEESE.—Factory, 11 to 14c.; Dairy, 10 to 12c.
EGGS.—24c. per dozen.
DRYED APPLES.—8 to 12c. per lb.
HAY.—\$17.00 to \$24.00 per ton, per cargo; \$20.00 to 25.00, per ton, per car load.
POTATOES.—\$2.00 per barrel.
BEANS.—Extra Pea, \$3.00; common, \$2.00 to 2.50.
ONIONS.—Onions, \$1.50 per bushel.
LEMONS.—\$1.00 per box.
MARROW SQUASH.—\$5.00 per owt.
CABBAGES.—\$5.00 per barrel.
BRECK.—\$4.50 per barrel.
TURKEYS.—\$2.00 per bushel.
MARLE SUGAR.—12 to 13 cents per lb.
CABBAGE.—\$10.00 to 20.00 per hundred.
TOMATOES.—\$1.00 to 1.25 per bushel.
WATERMELONS.—20c. to 30c. each.
CANTALOUPE.—\$2.00 per bushel.
REMARKS.—Flour Market remains quiet, and prices remain favorable to buyers. Oats advanced 2 cents per bushel. Butter firm, and best grades hold back. Eggs firm. An advance on Tomatoes from 50 cents to \$1 per bushel.

The Markets.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

For the week ending Wednesday, Aug. 17.
Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep and Swine, carefully prepared for the current week:—
Cattle, 2,853; Sheep and Lambs, 13,004; Swine, 3,250; number of Western Cattle, 1,723; Eastern Cattle, 100; Working Oxen and Northern Cattle, 400. Cattle left over from last week.
Prices.—Best Cattle—Extra, \$13.25 to \$14.00; first quality, \$12.25 to \$13.00; second quality, \$11.00 to \$12.00; third quality, \$10.25 to \$10.75; poorest grades, \$6.00 to 9.00 per 100 pounds (the total weight of hides, tallow, and dressed beef).
Brighton Hides—7 1/2 to 8c. per lb.
Brighton Tallow—7 1/2 to 8c. per lb.
Country Skins—6 to 7c. each.
Hides—6 1/2 to 7c. per lb. for country.
Tallow—6 1/2 to 7c. per lb. for country.
Lamb Skins—50 to 75 cents each.
Wool Skins—\$1.00 to \$1.25 per skin.
Sheep Skins—50 to 75c. each.
Calf Skins—16 to 17c. per lb.
Stores—Yearlings, \$45 to 55; two year olds, \$55 to 65; three year olds, \$65 to 80 per head. Most of the small cattle that are in a fair condition are sold for Beef. The demand for Store Cattle has not been very active of late, and but a few lots have been sold to farmers to feed so early in the season.
Milch Cows. Extra, \$80 to \$115; ordinary, \$50 to \$80; Store Cows, \$35 to \$55 per head. Prices depend a great deal upon the quality of the cow. There is not much change in the prices of Milch Cows from week to week. The larger portion driven to Market are of a common grade. There are but a few Extra or Fancy Bred of Cows brought into Market for sale.
Working Oxen. The call for Workers improves as the season advances, and for several weeks past there has been a good demand. We quote sales at \$100, 100, 200, 140, 150, 160, 175, 180, 175, 200.
Sheep and Lambs. Extra and select lots, \$4.00 to 4.75; ordinary lots, \$2.00 to 3.50 per head. Lambs, \$2.50 to 4.75 per head, or from 2 1/2 to 3 cents per pound. The Western Sheep are mostly owned by Butchers, who have agents at the West buying for them. There were but a few Eastern Lambs in Market.
Swine. Store Pigs—Wholesale, 12 to 13 cents per lb.; retail, 12 to 14 cents per lb. Spring Pigs, wholesale, 8 to 9 cents per lb.; retail, 12 to 15 cents per lb. Corned Hams, 10 to 11c. per lb. Fat Hogs—4.00 to 4.25. Prices 10 to 11 cents per pound.
REMARKS.—The Cattle from the West this week were the poorest lot, taken altogether, that has come from that section in any one week this season. The trade for good Cattle was quick, and prices from one quarter to one half a cent per pound higher than our last quotations. Upon the common grades, on account of the large supply in Market, the trade has not been very active, and prices are lower. There were but a few Extra Cattle in Market. From Maine there were more good Cattle than has been brought from that State in any one week this year. The large supply of Texas Cattle in Market, many of them of a poor quality, has a tendency to cause the market for poor grades of Cattle to be dull.

Business Letters Received to Aug. 27.

Lewis Boynton, E. G. Bloomfield, L. D. Bentley, E. Brown; J. M. Curtis, A. J. Church, S. A. Chase; E. Davies; R. C. Gunnison; C. D. Hills, D. H. Haskell, S. S. Harwood, J. Hayes, Mrs. A. H. Hardy, J. T. Hanson; T.

A. Jacobs, G. E. Johnson; A. S. Naam; G. R. Palmer; R. Russell, W. F. Rice; S. B. Stearns; W. B. Tisdale, D. H. Taylor; Geo. Willard.

Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters received from Aug. 20 to Aug. 27.
W. H. Adams; B. B. Beardsley, W. L. Brown, F. T. Ball; W. H. Clegston, J. W. Cole; L. Damon; H. Eastman; I. L. Fowler; E. M. Gerrish, G. C. Goss, F. D. Goodrich; Daniel Hallerton; James Kelley; C. H. Luce, H. C. Lacy; F. Morrison, O. W. Mack, F. A. Metcalf; J. Nixon, Jr.; S. E. Quimby; B. C. Redion, E. J. Roberts; R. W. Soule; J. Thurston; C. B. Varnum, N. Webb, J. B. Walker, H. C. Waters, J. A. Wheeler.
JAMES P. MAZES, Agent, 38 Bromfield St., Boston.

Marriages.

In this city, Aug. 24, by Rev. Mr. Collier, William Redford to Miss Emily A. Sawyer, both of Boston.
In North Easton, Aug. 14, by Rev. G. Hubert Bates, Otis L. Barden, of East Abington, to Edith E. Russell, of Easton.
In Ware, Aug. 22, by Rev. G. F. Eaton, at the residence of the bride's father, Prof. Leon C. Field, of Cambridge, N. Y., to Miss Lizzie C. Crowell, daughter of Lorenzo Crowell, esq.
In Brunswick, Me., Aug. 25, by Rev. Geo. C. Crawford, Burrage D. Brigham, of Whitesville, Me., to Miss Ellen A. Crawford, of Bath, Me.
At St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt., Aug. 21, by Rev. M. V. B. Knox, John Lettermann to Martha Lazzelle, both of St. Johnsbury Centre.

Deaths.

In Marlboro', Aug. 17, Maria, only child of Theodore and Effie G. Temple, aged 6 months and 14 days.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.
Hedding Camp-meeting, Epping, N. H., begins Monday, Aug. 29.
Williamette Camp-meeting, Aug. 29.
Kennebec Valley Camp-meeting, Aug. 30.
Kennebunk Camp-meeting, Aug. 26.
Bath Camp-meeting, Sept. 5.
Springfield District Camp-meeting, Hatfield, Aug. 29.
Kearse Camp-meeting, Wilmet, N. H., Sept. 12.
Lyndon Camp-meeting, Aug. 29.
Charleston, Me., Camp-meeting, Sept. 12.
Northport Camp-meeting, Aug. 29.
East Livermore Camp-meeting, Sept. 5.
Burlington District, Troy Conference, Camp-meeting, New Haven, Vt., Aug. 29.
Ministerial Association of St. Albans, Waterbury Centre, Oct. 4.
Orient Ministerial Association, Jacksonville, Oct. 5.
White Mountain Camp-meeting, Stark, N. H., Sept. 12.
Rockland District Ministerial Association, Thomaston, Oct. 5.
Portland District Ministerial Association, Gorham, Oct. 10.
Fryburg Camp-meeting, Sept. 12.
Penobscot Valley Ministerial Association, Winterport, Oct. 5.
Troy Conference Camp-meeting, Round Lake, Sept. 5.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP-MEETING.—This meeting, commencing Sept. 12, will be held in a beautiful maple grove, in Stark, N. H., on the Grand Trunk Railroad. Persons passing over this road to attend the meeting coming from the East will stop at Stark—from the West at Northumberland Station, where teams will be in readiness to convey them to the camp-ground, about three miles distant, at moderate rates.
Half Fare. Tickets to and from the meeting will be sold at the respective stations by payment of full fare one way. Notice should be given by the purchaser that a camp meeting ticket is desired.
Board will be furnished for all who may desire, at the following rates: During the meeting, \$3.75. Per day, \$1.00. Dinner, 50 cents. Breakfast or Supper, 30 cents. A good Congregational brother, and only five months ago the first move was made for building a chapel. The brethren have struggled hard and nobly, and with the aid simply of their numerous friends at home, have succeeded wonderfully. And those of our friends abroad, whether of the ministry or laity, who may attend the dedication, will be able to be convinced that a better opportunity was never afforded than for laying up a little treasure in heaven. And let our good sisters, the widows even, remember what the Lord said when he saw the rich men giving of their substance.
Young as our society is, it contributed last year fourteen dollars towards building a large church in the city. And now, though we don't intend to go begging abroad, yet, if the Lord should feel interested enough in us to move any of our city or country friends to help us a little, we will bless His name for it. Under such circumstances, of course we cannot promise to inscribe your name on the windows, or paint your likeness on the walls, but we will tell Jesus about it, and that will, perhaps, do just as well. Now please don't forget the time, Sept. 14, and don't forget to come.
As we arrive from the East at 2, and return at 4.30.
Sept. 1. 2.
W. M. HUBBARD, Pastor.

DEDICATION AT GARDNER.—The new Methodist Chapel in Gardner, Mass., will be dedicated to the service of God, Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 2 p. m., by Rev. A. McKewen, of Worcester.
The Church in Gardner is only seventeen months old; young and feeble, but healthy and growing. A beautiful piece of land has been donated to the society by Mr. Graham, a good Congregational brother, and only five months ago the first move was made for building a chapel. The brethren have struggled hard and nobly, and with the aid simply of their numerous friends at home, have succeeded wonderfully. And those of our friends abroad, whether of the ministry or laity, who may attend the dedication, will be able to be convinced that a better opportunity was never afforded than for laying up a little treasure in heaven. And let our good sisters, the widows even, remember what the Lord said when he saw the rich men giving of their substance.
Young as our society is, it contributed last year fourteen dollars towards building a large church in the city. And now, though we don't intend to go begging abroad, yet, if the Lord should feel interested enough in us to move any of our city or country friends to help us a little, we will bless His name for it. Under such circumstances, of course we cannot promise to inscribe your name on the windows, or paint your likeness on the walls, but we will tell Jesus about it, and that will, perhaps, do just as well. Now please don't forget the time, Sept. 14, and don't forget to come.
As we arrive from the East at 2, and return at 4.30.
Sept. 1. 2.
W. M. HUBBARD, Pastor.

VERMONT CONFERENCE SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE, MONTPELIER, VT.—The Term of this institution will begin, Wednesday, Aug. 31. For Circulars, Order or Book, address
REV. O. W. WILDER, A. M., Principal.
Aug. 11. 4.

Business Notices.

TO THE TASTE

"POLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR" is exceedingly pleasant, while to the diseased blood there is hardly any that can equal it in its work in carrying off the dead matter and giving a new impetus to the vital current. Humors and sores of long standing are removed by the use of this medicine, which, being a vegetable preparation, is harmless, yet powerful.

Parties thinking of obtaining a furnace, should notice the advertisement of the Webster Hot Air Furnace. Those who have used them recommend them as the best in the market. Sept. 1, 51 18 518

FATAL TO THE TEETH

Are all acid preparations. They may bleach the enamel, but they also surely dissolve and destroy it. The mild, genial, balsamic, and preservative Saponated, impregnated with the Saponin of the famous tropical Sapote, of Chili, is the only absolutely safe article of its kind in the market, and protects the Teeth from all destructive influences, as well as keeps them free from tartar.

"SPALDING'S GUM," handy and useful. Sept. 1, 51 18 58

COMMUNION SERVICES.

We are making a Specialty of the manufacture of Communion Wafers of the finest quality and of chaste and appropriate designs. Catalogues showing the different styles will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,
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Manufacturers of fine Silver Plate Wafers.
171 Jan. 6, 17

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN
USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.
It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. R. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.
July 21, 91 18-177

A RARE CHANCE TO PURCHASE BUILDING LOTS IN AUBURNDALE.

These Lots now offered for Sale are finely situated on high ground, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, from six to ten minutes walk from the depot, near the Lowell Seminary, and in an unexceptionable neighborhood.

To persons desirous of securing a pleasant home this presents a favorable opportunity, as they will be sold at a great bargain, on which but a small amount will be required in cash. For particulars apply to
E. D. WILLOW, 25 Broadland St.
Aug. 18, 51 17

Boston Young Men's Christian Association.

LECTURE SEASON—'70-'71.
SIX LECTURES.
JOHN LORD, LL. D.
1. Sept. 29—Hildebrand.
2. " 27—Hildebrand.
3. Oct. 4—Elmhurst.
4. " 11—Savannah.
5. " 18—Boulevard.
6. " 25—Milton.
CONCOURSE TICKETS, \$1.50
Sept. 1, 171 21 197

Cornel's Commercial College,
BOSTON.

This Institution, during thirty years past, the whole time under the management of its present President, has steadily maintained its character for the thoroughness and practical usefulness of its instruction.
That it is appreciated by the merchants of this and other cities, and that it possesses peculiar facilities for providing suitable.

EMPLOYMENT

for its graduates (male and female), is evinced by the fact that they are to be found occupying high positions in all first-class mercantile houses, while its ENGINEERING, SURVEYING, etc., classes are engaged on every Railroad on the Continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and its NAVIGATORS as Officers, or in command all over the world.

During the summer, Mr. Comer again visited the principal institutions for Commercial Education in Europe, and since his return has had the various Halls and Rooms refitted and refurnished, introducing every valuable modern appliance, in keeping with its reputation as the

MODEL INSTITUTION.

There being no classes, students may enter at any time. Youth and persons whose early education has been neglected have superior advantages.
SEPARATE DEPARTMENT FOR LADIES.
W. S. SALMON, President of the Association, has information with styles of HANDWRITING taught, and list of Mr. Comer's works on
PENMANSHIP, BOOK-KEEPING, NAVIGATION, etc., may be had free by mail, or at the College, 223 Washington St., corner of West St., Boston, where the public is respectfully invited to inspect the arrangements.
GEORGE N. COMER, A. M., President.
Sept. 1, 461 21 31

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW AND STANDARD WORKS.

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A GUIDE FOR FARMERS, YOUNG AND OLD.

Fully endorsed by the American Agriculturist, the New York Tribune, and by personal letters from the Presidents of the following State Agricultural Societies: New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, and by our leading farmers. Hon. W. S. SALMON, President of the Association, says: "It is one of the cheapest and best books on Agriculture, and should be in the hands of every farmer. A splendid and useful manual guide. For consultation or adoption, apply at the school-house, on Saturdays, Aug. 2 and 9, and Sept. 3, on Friday and Saturday, 8 p. m. and 10, from 8 to 10 o'clock. Catalogues containing terms, etc., may be had at FRIED & OSGOOD'S, A. WILLIAMS, and THE GROOMS, or by addressing
Sept. 1 101 31 40
CUSHINGS & LADD.

CHAUNCEY HALL SCHOOL, 15 Essex St.
THE Forty-third school year will begin on Monday, Sept. 12th. In the Preparatory and Upper Departments, an entire education is given in preparation for business, college, or legal studies. For consultation or admission, apply at the school-house, on Saturdays, Aug. 2 and 9, and Sept. 3, on Friday and Saturday, 8 p. m. and 10, from 8 to 10 o'clock. Catalogues containing terms, etc., may be had at FRIED & OSGOOD'S, A. WILLIAMS, and THE GROOMS, or by addressing
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Aug. 18, 41 17

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Are finished in the most approved style.
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Are secure in the hottest fire.
Are free from dampness.
Are not liable to injury.
Are lasting in appearance.
Are every way convenient in use.
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Are adopted by leading capitalists.
Give the greatest satisfaction.
Are without an equal in the world.
Are rapidly coming into general use.

Thousands of the Safes made by this Company are now in use by LEADING CAPITALISTS AND BUSINESS MEN, and give entire satisfaction.
NO SAFE MADE BY THIS COMPANY WAS EVER BROKEN OPEN BY BURGLARS, OR FAILED TO PROTECT ITS CONTENTS FROM FIRE.
The Company uses UNPICKABLE BURGLAR-PROOF LOCKS, and warrant their work both fire-proof and burglar-proof, to give entire satisfaction.

THE STEAM SAFE NEEDED.
Over 50 safes lately failed in the great fire in Portland, and in nearly every severe fire, more or less of the ordinary safes are proved utterly worthless. In the fire at New Manchester, N. H., \$5,000 in bonds were destroyed in Mr. Clark's safe. Similar instances are frequently occurring, showing the great need of the better security afforded by the Steam safe.

TESTIMONIALS.

The great practical worth of the Steam Fire-proof Safe having been fully established, it is now offered to the business public, with assurance supported by indisputable facts, that it is the best safe in the world, the most thoroughly scientific, most complete, and perfect safe that can be obtained. In support of this claim, we call attention to a few of the testimonials it has won:—
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"The Steam Fire-proof Safe is one of the very best in the world. This not equivocal assertion is based on the use of the Safe has demonstrated."—*Boston Post.*
"Sanborn's invention has been proved, by the most satisfactory tests, to be exactly what its manufacturers represent."—*Portland Daily Press.*
"These safes are rapidly superseding every other kind, and in their improved form are superior to every other."—*Daily Evening Traveller.*
"Their absolute security is demonstrated beyond the possibility of cavil."—*Forney's Philadelphia Press.*
"The invention has been submitted to the severest tests, and has come out triumphant. It makes the security incalculably greater."—*Lowell Courier.*
"The safes are as much better in fire-proof qualities as they are more inviting in appearance."—*Boston Daily Evening Transcript.*
"The Steam Improvement will effect a thorough revolution in safe making."—*Philadelphia Evening Herald.*
"The testimonials to its excellence are numerous and unequalled."—*Boston Daily Journal.*
"The safe affords, undoubtedly, the best protection against fire of any one in the market."—*Bangor Whig.*
"Repeated severe tests have established its superiority over all the safes with which it has been brought in contact."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*
"We were on the ground, and shall never forget the amazement expressed by the multitude when the contents were taken from the safe (with the Sanborn Patent Improvement) in a perfect condition, while all the others without the improvement were rendered worthless by the fire, and the contents of the safe, for ten years, they had been subjected. An absolutely fire-proof safe is at last before the public."—*Phila. Press.*
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"It seems to be the only safe that deserves the name FIRE-PROOF."—*Worcester Daily Spy.*
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Call and see our Safes, or send for circulars giving full particulars.

American Steam Safe Co.,

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Sept. 1, col. 18 317